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Seven Years among the Fjort

BEING

AN ENGLISH TRADER'S EXPERIENCES IN THE CONGO DISTRICT

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BY

R. E. DENNETT

WITH TWENTY-THREE FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND THE AUTHOR'S OWN SKETCHES, AND A MAP OF TRADE ROUTES NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED

London
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET
1887

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INTRODUCTION.

My object in publishing this little book is to better acquaint those who, from afar, take an interest in the negro, with that part of his character which most writers have left undescribed, i.e. his home-life, customs, and habits. I do this in all humility, admitting that there are many resident in Africa with far greater knowledge of him than I have, and regretting that they have not more thoroughly undertaken the task I now carry out to the best of my ability.

It has been my endeavour to give as

much information in as short a space as possible, leaving out all description of scenery so graphically given by Mr. Stanley and Mr. Johnstone, and to allow the illustrations to speak as much as possible for themselves.

The drawings, worked up from my sketches, may be greatly wanting from an artistic point of view; they are, however, original and faithful representations of scenes of which I have been an eye-witness. I have therefore no fear in allowing them to see the light. I thank Donald B. Fraser, Esq., Dr. H. J. Bennett, and Señ. Moraes for the photographs from which the other illustrations are taken.

I wish also to express my sincere thanks to my publishers, and especially to Mr. R. B. Marston.

I can only add that, having no experience as a writer, any value or interest this

little work may possess will arise from the fact that it is the result of seven years' careful observation and experience among the natives of the South-West Coast of Africa.

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SEVEN YEARS AMONG THE FJORT.

CHAPTER I.

FROM ENGLAND TO CABENDA, KINSEMBO, AMBRIZETTE, AND CHILOÀNGO.

Leaving England—Madeira—The Kroo Coast—Kroo boys—First experience of Traders—My first surf—Cabenda—The Pegasario—Native customs—Kinsembo—A Kabuka of ivory—A victim to the surf—A narrow escape.

How brave one feels when, all preliminaries being arranged, he drives down to the docks to join the gallant little ship that is to bear him to a foreign clime, against which he has heard all that is bad; where

all is so dark and ungodly, as on the south-west coast of Africa! Comfortable as the home you have left may be, you, in your conceit, imagine that the fortune you are going to amass will make a better home of your own in days to come; but perhaps your home is not comfortable, and you know that a few odd pounds now and again would help to make it happier for those you leave behind. Or are you one of the many who, after years of patient labour, a slave of capitalists, find yourself gradually sinking from the position your parents gave you to one of obscurity and helplessness? Conscious of what you ought to be, and knowing that in England, work you ever so hard, you never will be, you wake one morning to the determination that something must be done if ever you purpose getting on. Whatever object you may have, we will

CABENDA FACTORY.

(From a photograph by Donald B. Fraser, Esq.)

suppose it to be one strong enough to hold you high above the terrible temptations that will certainly meet, if they do not overcome, you in the life you may expect to endure while in such a country.

After a disagreeable passage, and a dreary Christmas, we arrived at Madeira within seven days. As we steamed into Funchal the moon was shining brightly, and the little town, in the pale but glorious light, seemed the perfection of all that was beautiful. Soon Blandy had his coaling barges alongside, and without loss of time we commenced coaling by torch-light. Their flames gave effect to the scene. As soon as day broke the fairy-like beauty of Funchal and its surroundings seemed to fade away, and the coaling did not appear half as enchanting as it had done by moon and torchlight.

Of course we all hurried ashore, and no

sooner had we placed our feet on terra firma than our eyes were opened to the deformities—anything but beauties—of this antiquated and irregular town. We were accosted by endless individuals, all anxious to be our guides, and having selected one, he took us about the place and swindled us as I suppose he was in duty bound to do. However we *did* Funchal, and ate as much as we could, fearing that our friend the skipper really would carry out his threat of feeding us on salt beef and pork for the rest of the voyage; food which, he impressed upon us, had been considered good enough for him in his younger days, and therefore he supposed was good enough for us now.

The skipper hurried us aboard, and next day we passed Teneriffe and commenced to suffer terribly from the effects of the sun, which gave us fits before we arrived at the

Kroo coast. At Grand Sesters we took in a black crew to work the ship as far as Cabenda and back, and many Kroo boys as labourers for the working of the factories on the coast. As many as thirty canoes came alongside, paddled by Kroo boys, all anxious to be engaged. This sight was a very curious one, the charming get-up of some of the more important members of the community being as simple as absurd. There a gentleman arrayed in all the glory and dignity that a tall silk hat, and nothing else, would give him, stood balancing his tiny canoe, paddle in hand, and shouting his last message, perhaps to his envious brother in a pair of dress pants, or to his proud cousin who strutted the deck in a velvet coat.

The skipper chose those among them whom he supposed would live to come back again, though any stranger looking at

the lot would have said that they all seemed at death's door, so starved did they appear. The rest he ordered overboard, and over they went in a hurry. Those that remained then stowed away their empty boxes, and very soon the black crew were hard at work and singing.

Passing Corisco Island, we steamed into Elobey Bay, and commenced discharging some of our cargo into the old hulk anchored there. My first impression of the traders there assembled was certainly not a pleasant one; but this was owing more, I think, to the fact of there being one or two rough customers anxious to take a leading part in the jovial festivities, whose foul and indecent language naturally shocked me, than that there were no decent fellows present. On further acquaintance I found many nice men

among them. This rough class of trader is well-nigh extinct, and it should certainly be the aim of the merchants at home who now, if they choose, can have their pick out of the best of men, to select only the very best, as it is from the trader that Africa takes its moral tone. At this time the agent here had a pretty garden, and had just planted the cocoa-trees that now are in such a flourishing condition. We amused ourselves by having a row across to the island and making many trips to the different small towns round about, which interested us greatly, there being so many wonders of nature and peculiarities of the people to attract the attention of those of us to whom all was new. Luxurious trees and plants, mighty creepers, tropical flowers, luscious fruit, curious and somewhat appalling insects, ridiculous inscriptions on the rustic doors of the more

important inhabitants' shimbecs or huts, the careful examination of which helped us to pass away the week we stayed here very pleasantly.

From Elobey we steamed to Mayumba, towing the *Ruby Queen*, a small schooner, after us. But we only stayed here long enough to enjoy a good oyster breakfast, after which we departed for Cabenda. Going through my first surf did not impress me very greatly, though I did not at all enjoy the wetting. The surf all along the open coast is horribly disagreeable, and sometimes is so bad that it is next to impossible to push a boat through. Most traders, however, have good boats, and splendid "patrãos," or coxswains, who watch their time, and, as a rule, bring them through safely. They count the big breakers carefully, sometimes they say there is only one big one—father they

call it—and sometimes they have four or five (father, mother, son and daughter, uncle or aunt), and come in either on top of the small wave following the last big one, or just behind it. But if the boys on shore do not catch hold of the boat on its touching the beach and pull her high and dry, it very often happens that the wave following the one on which she floated in will wash her out again. Then it's a case of jumping out of the boat, and taking care while so doing to choose the side against which the tide is driving, otherwise the rush will carry the boat over you, and possibly crush you beneath as it is again driven upon the beach. New men rather like going through surfs at first, but after they have been upset once or twice they see the danger and generally fight shy.

Arriving at Cabenda at about 10.45, we breakfasted and commenced work im-

mediately afterwards. Much to my horror very shortly after my arrival, the natives, probably to annoy the agent and traders, burnt a woman for witchcraft within a hundred yards of our factory.

Manichuvila, a prince residing in a town near to us, died about this time, and I was much amused watching the little bands of negroes as they marched past us from the towns on the other side of the bay on their way to weep for him. Some were quiet and well-behaved. Others, the followers of more important princes, painted in a curious fashion, and bedecked in feathers, armed with flintlocks, were noisy in the extreme, giving the agent a lot of bother, as they refused to pass without a matabixo or drink. Manichuvila was only buried last year, six years having elapsed since his death.

I here also first became acquainted with the Pegasario or Badungo. No one is

BADOONGOO OR PEGASARIO.
(*From a sketch by the Author.*)

supposed to know who he is, but, got-up in a hideous double-faced mask, and dress made entirely of dried leaves of the banana or plantain-tree, very bushy and heavy-looking, he occasionally comes among the people armed with a long wooden sword. Everything he touches on his way becomes his property, thus you may imagine the disturbance his visit creates: all is confusion and hurry, as the natives vainly attempt to hide their little all before his coming. He is supposed to watch over their morals and punish any offender by crucifixion. Generally he appears on the scene after some irregularity in the fall of rain occurs, as the Nkissist in Cabenda believes that the committal of certain indecencies is punished by the non-appearance of rain in its proper season.

A war was going on at the time between two important branches of a well-known

family, and shots were constantly whizzing over our heads in the factory, the blowing of bugles and the noise of the dances keeping us awake most of the night.

The Kroo boys, whose year of service had been accomplished, were paid. The head man, "Liverpool," received the most, second class and third class boys receiving theirs in proportion. Their pay consisted of so much cloth, guns, powder, gin, a brass neptune (or big plate), on which was thrown fish-hooks, needles, thread, knives, tinned iron spoons, beads, brass rods, brass wire, nickel silver spoon and fork, a coat, a singlet or shirt, a cap or hat, soap, and a little tobacco. After they had received all, they set about paying their debts, and made their women happy by adding little presents to the pay they had given them. They then set to and danced and sang until they had to embark, which they did amidst

CRUCIFIXION.
(*From a sketch by the Author.*)

the shouts and wailing of the women and friends they were leaving behind.

An English man-of-war entered port shortly after the departure of the steamer in which I had arrived. Cabenda being one of those places at which leave is given to sailors, many availed themselves of the opportunity and revelled in drunkenness and vice in this very cesspool of disease, much to their own degradation and our shame; for in places like these, where negroes look upon white men as *white men*, we all feel, and are made to feel, the disgrace or degradation of one, and our moral force suffers thereby.

The heavy rains that now fell probably were the means of driving the Pegasarios back to their homes, and saving the life of some poor negro who otherwise would have been crucified. Pestered by mos-

quitos, and anguished by the terrible pain excited by a "jigger" (a sand-flea imported from America, 1870), that had buried itself in one of my toes; left to myself with little or nothing to do preparatory to being appointed to some distant factory, I filled-in the interval by enjoying my first fever, which in anticipation I had feared so much, and was agreeably surprised to find that my fears had no foundation.

I was now ordered to prepare for my departure for Kinsembo. We steamed from Cabenda per ss. *Cabenda*, at 8 a.m. on Saturday, arriving at Kinsembo 10.30 a.m. Sunday morning, and after having made a capital rush through the surf in a surf-boat, we entered the river Doce, and landed at the foot of the high point on which four or five factories are situated. After Cabenda, Kinsembo appeared a

KINSEMBO, SHOWING THE BAR AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER.
(*From a photograph by Donald B. Fraser, Esq.*)

wretched and desolate place enough, a sandy desert, in fact.

When we had discharged and loaded the steamer, she again returned to Cabenda, leaving me as an assistant in Kinsembo. The next day a negro came round the point, blowing lustily at his bugle to call our attention, and to inform us that we were to expect a "kabuka" of ivory; and, sure enough, on the following morning, very early, we saw a grand procession of negroes carrying ivory on their way down to us. The trader in charge of our place succeeded in securing three of the largest teeth, but his limit did not allow him to pull in the many smaller ones. The "bundle" given for the ivory struck me as a confusion of guns, powder, brass neptunes, cloth, and "breakthings" or small articles of hardware or earthenware, and a big top or present to the native trader who

introduced the bushmen and owner of the ivory. I really admired the native for his cuteness and exact knowledge of the bundle.

Many pleasant evenings did I pass in Kinsembo, the trader in charge being in every way a thoroughly well-educated and wonderfully gifted man. Study in all its branches, from photography and medicine to music and moral philosophy, occupied most of his leisure. My time during the day was fully employed picking up the necessary knowledge of trade and general experience in cooking, also management in household arrangements and treatment of the natives, sick or healthy. I had been told that I should find everything necessary on the coast, and that, therefore, I need not take anything out with me in the shape of an outfit. I found this a tremendous mistake, however, for having brought next to

nothing with me, I had now to set about ordering pillows, sheets, etc., from home, besides having to secure the services of a native tailor to make light clothes of any light material I could lay my hands on, and which of course neither fitted me well nor comfortably. I had to pay the tailor six yards of cloth and one bottle of rum per coat, and one cup of rice per day rations.

On Easter Eve the s.s. *Lord Collingwood* steamed into its anchorage off Kinsembo point, and the purser landed in the ship's surf-boat to make inquiries about the cargo he might expect from the traders on the ship's return from Loanda. He visited the last white man shortly after 5 p.m. and was told by him to lose no time in getting off to his ship before dark, as it was impossible to cross the bar by moonlight. Never shall I forget that Easter

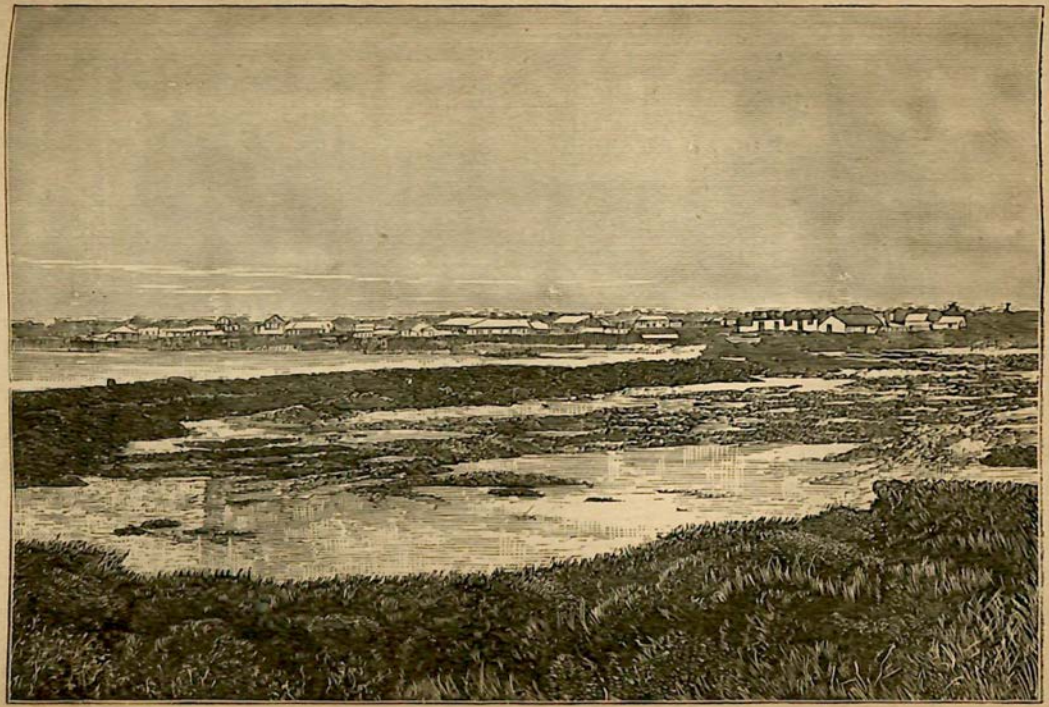
Eve! We paced up and down the yard in front of our factory; at times deeply engrossed in some interesting discussion, at times in silence, now and again pausing to look upon the beautiful picture nature placed before us. The pale but clear and glistening light thrown by the moon upon the white roofs of the different factories round about us, the rocky point, the lonely palm-tree, the glimmering dark-blue sea, here and there relieved by silver-tipped waves dashing against the rocks, the restless steamer, with its faded but still twinkling lights, riding at anchor in the far distance made an impressive scene.

While we paced to and fro little did we dream of the tragedy that was to mark the otherwise still and peaceful evening we were so enjoying, of the vain struggle that was taking place behind the very point upon which we were strolling!

At daybreak of Easter Sunday we joyfully hoisted our flags, but soon were compelled to lower them out of respect to the memory of the dead—for the purser of the *Lord Collingwood* had been drowned. The Kroo boys and surf-boat did not reach the steamer until 11 p.m. on Easter Eve, and then they told the captain how the purser had not left the beach until after 8 p.m.; how the coxswain, misguided by the light of the treacherous moon, had misjudged his time, and how the boat had been upset. Their first thought was for their master, and after a heavy struggle they managed to drag him safely to shore. His first thought on touching land was for the safety of his master's property. "Save the boat," he cried, and the Kroo boys, once more facing the angry waves, saved the boat and returned to their master. But he was nowhere to be found, and they

supposed that in his anxiety he had ventured too near the surf, and that a wave had washed him out to sea. His body was never recovered.

Shortly after this I had to proceed north as far as Ambrizette, to help a trader there who had fallen sick, and after having been there some two or three weeks, returned by steamer to Kinsembo. The surf was bad, but our "patrão," a very good one, on being asked if he could take us through, agreed to try. I remember I had just received my pillows, books, etc., from home, and was anxious to see them safely ashore, so had them placed in the boat. The "Kinsembo bar" consists of seven or eight, sometimes more, semi-circular waves, which, following one another closely after dashing against certain solitary and needle-like rocks dotted here and there, eventually spend their fury either on the



AMBRIZETTE.

(*From a photograph by Illus. Snr. Moraes, Lisbon.*)

beach, or on the shallow at the mouth of the river Doce.

We managed to mount the first of these waves, and were being carried furiously but steadily along when our "patrão" for a moment lost control over the boat, and we were driven past a rock like lightning, which, as we passed it, tore our starboard oars away, leaving us apparently at the mercy of the wave following us, as we filled: but the "patrão," once more regaining command of the boat, straightened her before the next wave overtook us, so that it washed us through the mouth of the river Doce, where we quietly sank.

The natives hereabout, though very sharp at trading, struck me as being excessively uninteresting, and it was not until I was removed as far north as Chiloango that I commenced to see much of

interest in negroes at all. The tribes south are as monkeys when compared to the Cabendas and Loangos, the true Nkissists.

CHILOANGO.

From a photograph by Donald B. Fraser, Esq.)

CHAPTER II.

FOREIGN MISSIONS IN THE GABOON AND THE CONGO DISTRICT.

Missionaries, ideal and real—Hopelessness of mission work as at present carried on in South-West Africa —Growth of Mohammedanism—What is wanted— Missionaries *v.* Traders — Missions — Use the native makes of his education—The French Jesuit Mission—Deplorable state of the American Mission —Terrible mortality in Protestant missions as compared with Catholic missions—A detestable class of missionaries.

IT is sad for one, who has been accustomed from his childhood to look upon missions abroad as great, good works, which he is in duty bound to support in every way, to bring himself to say hard things of missions and missionaries when seen at work in their selected fields.

Few, I am afraid, can conscientiously say much good of missions as they are carried on on the south-west coast of Africa, that is to say, as far as converting and Christianizing the heathen is concerned. To improve the native's mind in a religious sense appears entirely hopeless; he does not seem able to grasp the entire beauty of a Christian idea, but only such a part of it as may ingratiate himself to the liking of his teacher, and so obtain some advantage which he can understand in an extra length of cloth or a cast-off coat of his easily-flattered master. One reads of the terrible bondage of the children of Israel, and of the way by which God prepared Himself a people. History tells us of how great races have, through endless struggles, been brought to a fit state of mind to receive the Word. A farmer ploughs, breaks up and thoroughly prepares

his ground before sowing his seed; why then should we expect missionaries to succeed in such a hurry, in a field so barren and unprepared?

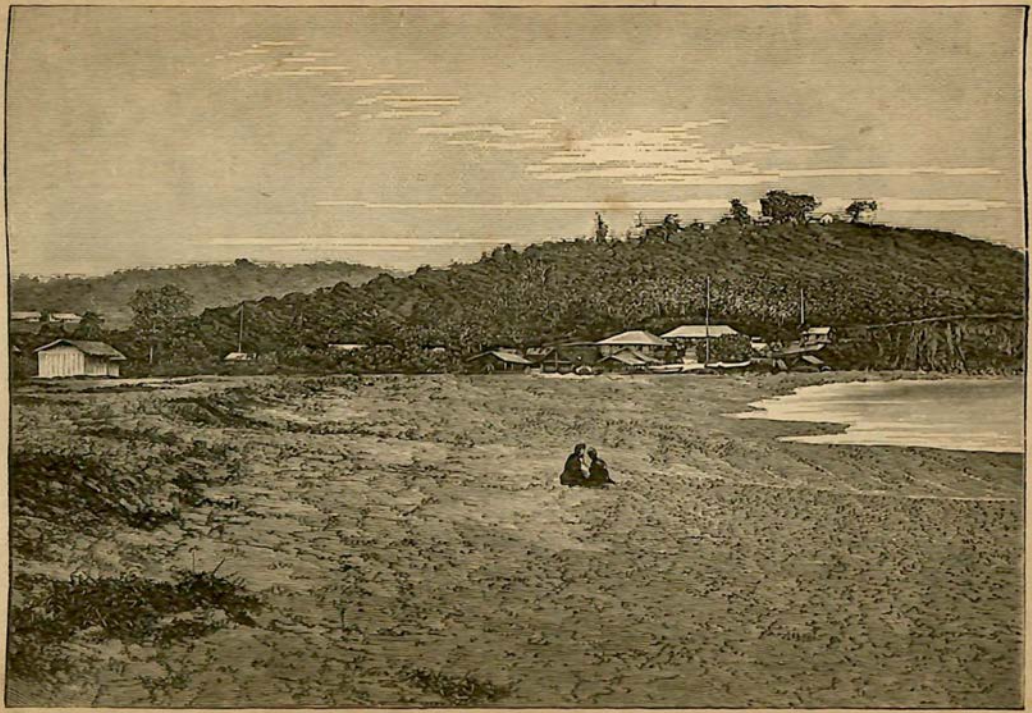
Is it wise to spend thousands on foreign missions, while for a few hundreds well spent at home you might chance to inspire a few of the many heathen about your towns to follow Christ and unfurl their banners as English and Christian traders, travellers, leaders and commanders of the people? Is it worth while to spend your thousands on such a barren field, expecting nothing but the certainty of seeing the few plants you have carefully tended for so many years and at so great a cost, being overgrown and smothered by that most rank and wide-spreading of all tropical creepers, Mohammedanism? Yes, is it worth while, when by means of Christian laymen, ready to carry the Word of Christ

right through the country at so small a cost, you can wrest the country not only from Mohammedanism but, in time, from superstition and grovelling and degrading priestcraft? Leave the natives alone for the present in these unprepared countries; but if you must send out missionaries, attach them to some great trading centre, and let them devote their lives to the saving of the traders, and through them, in God's good time, they may work wonders. A good missionary, (and only the very best of men should be missionaries), who could hold his own with men of the world, giving them credit for higher objects than mere money-making, encouraging each in what he, after mature study, saw good and likely to help the great object he had at heart, i.e. the careful and thorough preparation of a field in which future generations might complete the work

he had endeavoured to commence, would find in time working thus, hand in hand with the trader from the commencement, even though the latter knew it not, that instead of having to waft home that everlasting growl about the wickedness of traders who undo all the good which missionaries suppose that *they* have done, would be able to report progress and give the trader credit for at least teaching the native and forcing him to keep such of God's commandments as were necessary for the proper working of his factory and the protection of his master's interest, though he might not have instructed them much about the doctrines of the sect to which the missionary might belong.

As far as mere education is concerned, I suppose the American Baptist Mission in Gaboon, and the Missions of the Holy

Spirit in Gaboon, Loango, and Landana, can pride themselves on having taught many how to read and write, but as they cannot civilize or Christianize the peoples' minds at the same time, this accomplishment has become a constant source of annoyance and evil. A native can see no advantage in being able to write and read, except that it gives him a pull over his more ignorant brother, and places him, as he thinks, on a level with the white man, who has enjoyed the constant influences of Christianity and civilization for over 1800 years. I have never been the happy recipient of a decent letter from any of these gentlemen, they have all been either servile or insulting; and to give some idea of what a nuisance and annoyance such epistles are, the following may serve. A certain prince in Cabenda had handed over two of his sons to serve a certain trader in



LANDANA.

(*From a photograph by Illus. Snr. Moraes.*)

a south factory as "sense" boys, that is to say, the white man was to clothe them, feed them, pay them so much a month, and teach them how to serve at his table, so that they might hereafter procure situations as stewards or valets. They were to serve him a year. Shortly after their arrival some one had enticed the boys to run away: the trader, who was held responsible for the boys to a certain extent, secured them and chastised them slightly, giving them what is called palmatory, to teach them sense. The father, having heard an exaggerated account of their thrashing, procured the services of one of these educated scribes, who was paid so much for his trouble and therefore, I suppose, thought himself bound to place all his knowledge at his hirer's disposal. The letter, of course, was a most insulting one, sprinkled with all sorts of blasphemous and learned

phrases, "in the sight of God," "nolens volens," "shameful white man," "consul," "Her Majesty the Queen of England," etc. This same scribe, who had been turned out of his last employment for theft, had applied for the situation of cook in Cabenda, so the agent there sent to town for him, and on questioning him, seeing how matters stood, gave him one dozen palmatory for blasphemy, and one dozen for annoying and insulting a peaceful trader. The sons of Baron Puna, a negro of some importance in Cabenda, colonel in the Portuguese army, had his sons educated at the cost of the Portuguese Government, in Portugal, after which endeavours were made to put them to work in the Government offices in Loanda. Well, how do we find these gentlemen after their university career at Coimbra, and other European advantages? They are most degraded and

drunken barbarians, ever ready to annoy the traders, and with knowledge enough to use their own native laws, customs, and superstitions with the worst and most awful effect, either against their poorer and less favoured brethren or against the white man. Many others I could mention, who have not had the advantage of a European education, and, though not worse, are the curse of that part of the country in which they reside.

The noble buildings which form the French Jesuit Mission in Gaboon remind one of the substantial and solid structures we are accustomed to see at home in connection with ancient churches and priories. A quadrangle, composed of the chapel, reception-rooms, bishop's residence, and workshops, forms the principal part of the mission, though, as you pass through the beautiful grounds, huge buildings, all of

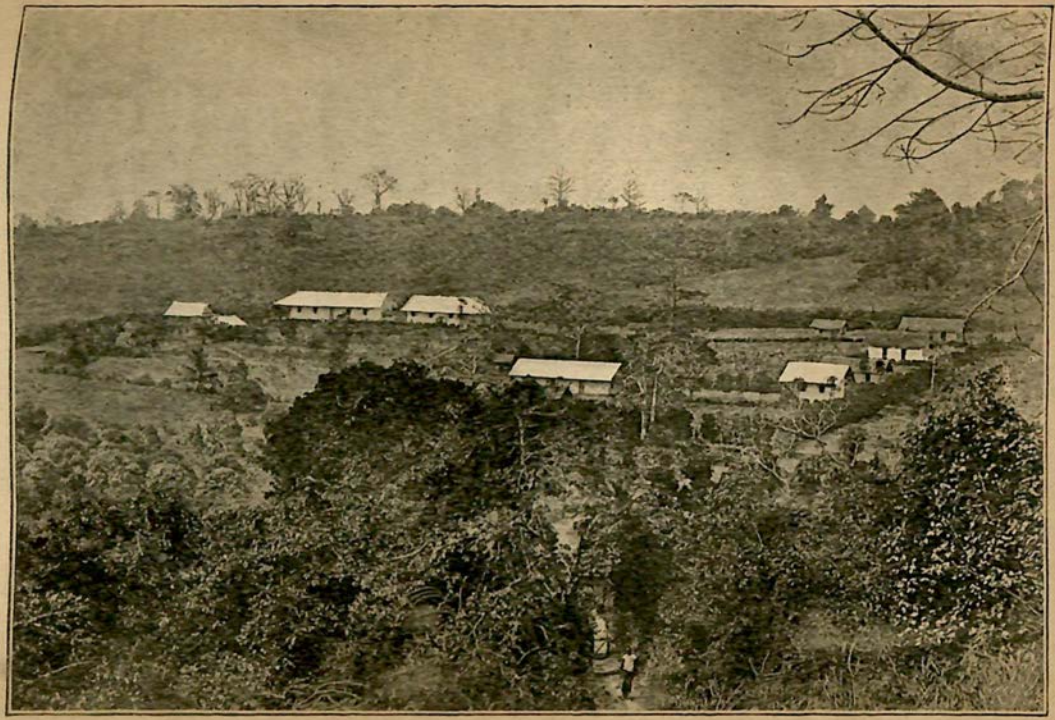
solid stone, attract your attention; here a galley or kitchen; here a dining-hall, with rooms for many of the children above, and there a carpenter's workshop; here a palm-oil manufactory, there a lime-kiln. When one is told that all these buildings have been built by themselves, after they had instructed men as lime-burners, stone-masons, carpenters, and that the shoes they wore were made and mended by those they have taught, their clothes cut out and made by their own tailors, one cannot but pause and in silent wonder admire the patient, self-sacrificing work of these truly noble priests, who quietly and humbly are trying to prepare (though at an enormous cost) a field for those who may be coming after them. Nothing can be said against such a monument of perseverance and industry; where all is order, peace, and harmony, except the unsatisfactory *all*, that it appears

to be love's labour lost in so far as their main object is concerned. On the other hand, no words can describe the utterly disordered and squalid state of the American Mission at the other end of the town. It would be hard to find anything to say in its favour except that the minister seemed to have a comfortable time of it, and had the good fortune to be blessed with a good wife and pretty children, which gave his part of the establishment a homely look, quite refreshing to the eyes of an old celibate African. I don't suppose, neither should I like any one to jump to the conclusion, that the minister was in any way to be blamed for the wretched state of affairs: he may not be supplied with sufficient means to make the concern of any use to civilization, and may be expected merely to prosecute the evangelizing part of the business. I

know that the French government had given orders that all teaching was to be in French or native "mouth," owing possibly to the fact of the natives (who for the most part trade in English) being anxious to learn English at the American Mission. Still such a state of affairs is deplorable, to say nothing of the terrible waste of money which, if properly used in patient preparation of a field for future workers might be spent to some purpose. It seems as if nobody cared (or were allowed by those at home) to plough. All were anxious to sow and reap, heedless as to where the seed fell so long as one or two ears could be reaped within their time and those few made much of. After forty years of self-sacrifice and self-denying labour, an old missionary (having been robbed at the last minute of all his little savings by one of his own dear lambs) had to confess that

he could not point, so far as his experience went, to a single native and call him really a Christian. Both these missions have establishments up the Ogowe. The Jesuits have just commenced a mission station at Loango, and have had one in existence at Landana for fourteen or fifteen years, both on the same practical lines as that in Gaboon, but their buildings are of wood. They have been obliged to remove their establishment from S. Antonio, on the south bank of the Congo, to Niamlov, on the north; probably owing to the decision of the Berlin Conference, by which S. Antonio was declared Portuguese territory, but ostensibly on account of the bad treatment received by them from the natives. At Boma and at Stanley Pool, or rather at Brazzaville, this mission now, for a few years, has also had stations. The ground at Landana are most tastefully laid out,

and under the skilful management of Père Antonio Carey, the superior and préfet apostolic of the Congo district, I think is almost the perfection of what a mission should be. Instead of preaching about in the towns, where no one can understand them, he and his seven or eight assistants devote themselves entirely to their little ones, whom they educate practically as carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, and gardeners. If by any chance they discover that among this happy congregation one or two are fit for higher things they push them forward according to their abilities. After fifteen years' hard work they have not found one, however, whom they could conscientiously bring forward for orders, though some few act as lay helpers in simple matters. They endeavour to persuade the elder boys to marry and settle on their property, but few have done so, preferring



MISSION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT, LANDANA.
(*From a photograph by Illus. Snr. Moraes.*)

to marry in their towns and gradually sink back into their grovelling and superstitious habits. Many, and grievously discouraging, are the trials these holy men have to bear; still they plod on, knowing that their lives are dedicated to that particular work, and expecting neither change nor reward, nor to see the fruit of their labour. None could be more hospitable and jolly than these good souls are when you pay them a visit; none more anxious to explain the working and objects of the mission. Neither do they forget to show you its shortcomings; in fact, a very interesting half-day can be spent either at the Landana or Gaboon establishments. Music and singing are among the many accomplishments of the little ones. In Gaboon they have started a brass band, but in Landana, Père Carey will always make up for this want by calling all his

songsters together in some lovely spot in the garden, spades, hoes, or what not in hand, and bid them sing to you. And very prettily they do sing. It is curious to hear them sing in their own tongue words put to well-known chants and hymns. In this well-ordered mission one seldom hears of the death of any member; they all seem well-tried men; some of them have lived many years on the coast. How different this is from the terrible mortality among the other, Protestant, missions, of which one hears so much, such as the Baptist Mission, and the "Livingstone Inland Mission!" This is easily accounted for. The same waste of life, as of money, is allowed by these missions, and a practical man can see a little good resulting from the one as the other. A missionary, after so many years' preparation at home, is sent out, full of zeal and *ignorance*, and, instead of being received

into some well-managed establishment, where he could gradually be prepared for higher work, is allowed to show his zeal—poor fellow!—by exposing himself to all sorts of weather and hardship, entirely unnecessarily, making himself the laughing-stock of men who know the country and the people. The whole working of these missions is a mystery. Nothing seems in order; all is hurry scurry and "is your soul saved." The ambition of the missionaries is as great as their fussy zeal. Except in the case of one or two fixtures, one can never lay his hand on any of them. "Where's so and so?" you ask. "Dead." "Why, he only came out by last mail!" "Yes; but he over-exerted himself in his wish to arrive at such and such a place in order to succeed Mr. so and so, who has been removed to such and such a station on account of the sudden determi-

nation of Mr. Lonely to go home, and you know we are getting our steamer ready at Stanley Pool, and have to open out new stations on the Kasai and at the falls." Not that there are not men worthy in every way of their high calling in these missions, but their abilities are wasted through the terrible hurry, ignorance, and ambition of the societies that send them out; who spread them over such a vast country, and employ them in matters so foreign to their calling, that one wonders whether they are travellers, forwarding agents, or gentlemen in search of some secluded and barren spot, where, by their exertions, Christianity, or something like it, may eventually, by the help of some invisible power, become ingrafted in the hearts and minds of an otherwise quite contented and indifferent people. This is what is called sowing the seed.

It, perhaps, is rather early to form an opinion of the work carried on by these missions; but concentration and steady devotion to some peculiar wants needed most by the natives must be preferable and more profitable to them than gadding about aimless as to any reasonable purpose.

There is a class of missionary too, detestable and mistaken even to describe, of which, happily, the Congo has only had a taste. Three or four very common and rough men, full of zeal, and "trusting in the Lord," appeared on their scene of labours, having brought nothing with them (as the "Lord would provide for them") except, I think, a tent. They sponged for some time on the generosity of the traders, to whom, as a rule, they made themselves most objectionable. One died, shortly after his arrival, through his stupidity in refusing to take

medicine; because he said that by so doing he should be wanting in his trust in his Saviour, who would "pull him through." Having found tent life unpleasant, they sought shelter from the cruel weather their Lord sent them in the hospitable home of one of the Baptist missionaries, whom they thoroughly disgusted with their foul language, canting hypocrisy, and their everlasting quarrels as to whether it was right or wrong to take medicine. Some of these wretches died. What became of the rest I never heard. All I know is that the *Christian Herald* immortalized these poor "martyrs," and held up the traders who, to their own utter discomfort, had given these unworthy disciples of the devil hospitality, to the scorn of the whole world. Such is the reward the trader almost invariably gets for showing kindness to either traveller or missionary.

How self-denying and good of the traders, in their all-powerful and independent position on the coast, it really was to have taken pity on these uneducated wretches, I leave it to my readers to conclude, especially when I tell them that they had been newly *converted* from the very dregs of the lower orders somewhere in America!

Missionaries, however, have little to hope for, and know well enough that as soon as they leave their field of labour the natives will immediately return to their old ways. Thus, we know, it has been; for we read of Portuguese missionaries having baptized the King of Congo in the year 1482, and of the consecration of the first black bishop of Congo in 1529, and a long line of more or less Christian kings until the year 1670, since which time the intelligent negro has gone through a long spell of heathenism, until at the present time we

find him neither a Christian nor a heathen, or whatever he was before, but a priest-ridden fearer of the evil spirit, and would-be reverer of the Virgin Mary, or nzambi.

Nzambi mpongo is the word used by many of them to signify God.

Nganga nzambi (God's doctor) are the words used to distinguish the missionary.

The work of the present holy Roman Catholic missionaries must in due time have its effect; their holy living, patience, endurance, example, all must tell; but surely they must see that Roman idolatry was in days gone by a dangerous method by which to Christianize the heathen, and will therefore endeavour to do away with the use of images, amulets and other charms.

Nganga nzambi gave the African charms and amulets; Nganga nkiss gave him his gilly-gilly or kissikiss: Nganga nzambi

showed him images of our Lord and the Virgin Mary; Nganga nkiss his Nzambi, Mbialimundembi: Nganga nzambi his holy water; Nganga nkiss his malongos (medicines).

Thus Christianity worked hand in hand with Nkissism.

And after 400 years we ask naturally what harvest are they reaping? and the answer is none! The natives prefer their own faith and their own priests, and are more anxious to appease the wrath of the evil spirit, whom they fear, than the Nzambi of the white man who, they are told, loves them.

CHAPTER III.

NKISSISM; THE RELIGION OF THE NATIVE.

Native ideas of God—Legends—A feteich of things forbidden—Mixture of Native and Missionary religion—Nkiss, the Evil Spirit, exercises greatest influence on native mind—Description of Nkissism—Legend of the Maloango family—The traders and the feteich—Native medicine-men—Ordeal by poison and by fire—The Kiss-a-Kiss.

NZAMBI may have been the word that, in days of old, God was imperfectly known by to the natives, nkiss being the name of the evil spirit. "Ngong, gong, ngetan zambi" ("Listen, listen, in the name of God"), prefixes all they have to say in a big palaver. And if you ask any native

about Nzambi, he will tell you that *she* is God, but their ideas of her have evidently been given to them by the white man.

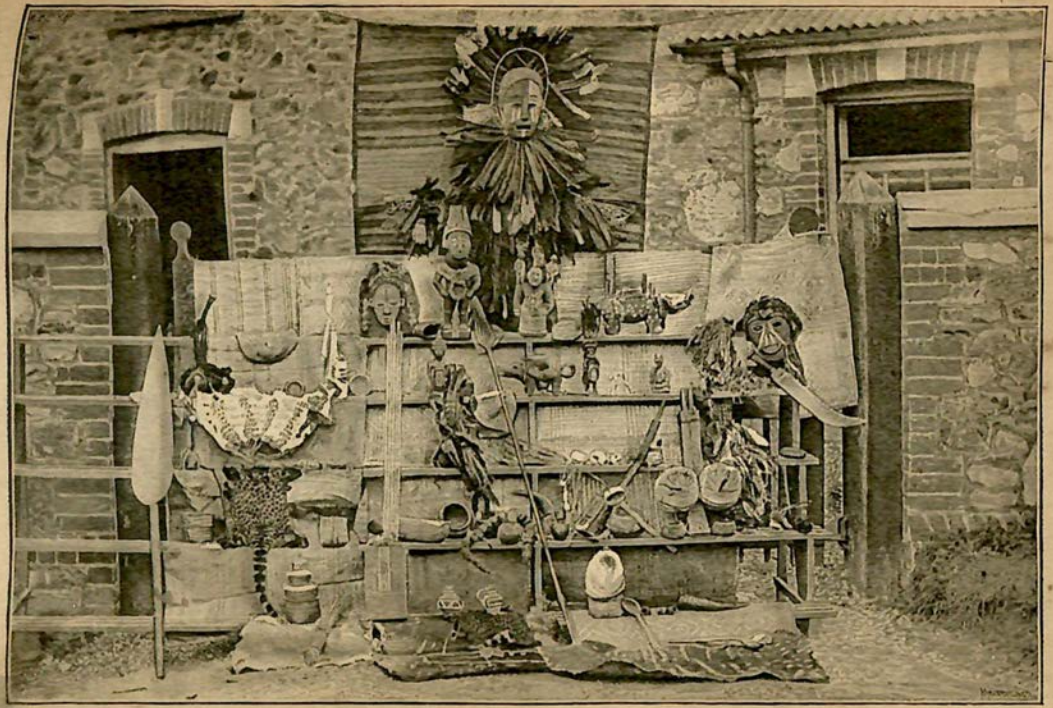
They appear altogether indifferent to Nzambi, troubling themselves little about her attributes, because they imagine she is too good to do them any harm. They, of course, have many legends and fables concerning her, all more or less tending to show that the one great idea of her is, that she was the first parent, the mother of Congo.

Another, "Deisos," one sometimes hears of. Thus Nzambi, Congo, and Deisos, form a kind of Trinity.

There is only one *feteich*, called Nzambi, that I know of, and that one of the biggest general feteiches in the country; a feteich of keezeelas, or things forbidden, we may call her. She is a wooden image of a woman with a tremendous stomach, and

is supposed to punish with death those who eat of food that has been forbidden to them as unclean. Nzambi, as an nkiss or a feteich, I am inclined to think is a more or less modern innovation—probably dating back to about 1670 or after—and that she originally was not meant for a feteich, but merely an image of the mother of Congo, or the Virgin Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, whom the ancient Jesuits held up to them almost, if not quite, as a goddess. Let us then give this feteich a place to herself between the true ancestry worship of Nzambi, the Mother of Congo (of whom more anon), and the priestcraft of Nkissists.

It is my opinion that instead of the old missionaries, before 1670, having taught the Fjort what God is, they have, by their ignorance and idolatry, so mystified them, that only hundreds of years of patient,



FETEICHES AND CURIOS.

(*From a photograph taken by Dr. H. J. L. Bennett.*)

severe, and strictly truthful teaching can undo the mischief they have done, and bring God clearly to them as very God and very man, the Creator and Redeemer of all mankind, the sanctifying Spirit.

God, as we know Him, is quite unknown to poor Fjort, hence his ignorance of all that is good. Though we cannot call him (the Fjort) bad, yet he appears so to us from the absence of what we have learned to consider good qualities in a man, such as love, gratitude, honesty and uprightness. etc. Instead of his actions being prompted by love, duty, etc., all his movements are actuated by selfishness and suspicion, and the avoidance of the evil he is hourly expecting.

The evil spirit, Nkiss, pervades all things, and is eternal, invisible, to all save the nganga, uncreated, but appears to be especially resident in different large

feteiches, each one inflicting, or being the means of avoiding, different evils. They are supposed to punish you with death if you eat forbidden food, if you bewitch any one, rob, or do anything contrary to their will, prevent rain from falling in its proper season, on the commission of certain indecencies, and for faults of omission cause one to fall sick.

I consider nkissism is to be divided into four parts, i.e. the family nkissisi, the general nkiss, the household kiss-a-kiss, and the malongos or medicines.

The family nkissisi (ancestry worship) is generally a feteich belonging to the head of a large, powerful family, and often consists of a green patch of grass, in an otherwise barren spot, over which the family have built a shimbec or hut, where perhaps they also keep a wooden figure.

Congo, ages ago, sent his sons to govern

his provinces far and wide, and wherever, on their road, they met these green patches they are supposed to have rested and accepted the hospitality of the feteich and family resident there.

The head of the family is the only one who is allowed to enter the schimbec, but the family, every now and again, is called together to clear away the grass and rubbish that may have accumulated round about. They do this singing the while.

The legend concerning the Maloango family may help better than anything else, to enlighten one, in examining this subject of family feteiches, to form a truer idea of the estimation in which a Fjort holds his family history and feteich or nkissisi.

Long, long ago, when Congo first sent his sons forth to govern his far distant provinces, the one bound on the longest journey, after days and days of weary

travelling, foot-sore and hungry, at last arrived at the river Kacongo or Luize Loango, which divides the province of Kacongo from that of Loango, the province to which the son was now bound. How to cross this river puzzled him very much, and when, in despair, he had almost given up the idea of ever being able to do so, he gladly espied an old man on the far side of the swift-running river. Mustering all his strength he hailed the old fellow, and prayed him to launch his canoe and paddle him across, telling him who he was and on what object he was bent. The old man, being of a benevolent disposition, shouted to one of his many slaves, and bade him go for the welcome stranger, reminding him of the leaky state of the canoe, and ordering him to bale out such water as it had made during the night, for the canoe had not been hauled up out of the water

the night before, but merely been run beneath the mangrove-trees that overhung the river, and fastened to a paddle well buried in the slimy vegetable slush and mud that had accumulated around the many trellis-like roots of that peculiar and swamp-loving tree. The old man himself toddled off to his schimbec to inform his numerous wives of the arrival of the prince, about whose coming they had heard so much, and to prepare him a bank to sit upon and a mat whereon he might repose after having partaken of the repast the wives now set about to get ready for him. Thus, while the canoe was being paddled across, the wives killed their fattest duck, and boiled the palm-nuts soon to be dished before the prince as a most delicious moamba or palm-oil chop. They carefully selected the beautifully prepared roots of the mandioco or cassava, called miac, to be

boiled for him, and unwrapped the chicoanga or native bread, throwing the banana leaves, in which it had been enveloped to keep it moist and fresh, to the numerous fowls that surrounded their little home. They roasted a few heads of Indian corn, and threw a few green bananas into the ashes by way of adding grandeur to the hurriedly prepared meal. They did not forget to send their children to catch the fatted goat for the evening repast; nor to despatch their slaves to the different towns round about to summon all to the feast to be given that night in honour of their visitor. Those that had tum-tums were not to forget them.

The old man was ready and anxious to receive his honoured guest, and stood prepared to seize the canoe as it touched the bank so that the current might not carry it through the narrow mouth of

the river across the angry bar out to sea.

As the son of Congo stepped out of the canoe, the old man approached him respectfully, clapped his hands quietly together, laid them across his breast, and then stretched one out to grasp the now extended hand of his prince, then clapped them together again very quietly. In silence he then led the way to the chair and mat placed for the prince under the shade of a wild fig-tree, where his wives were now kneeling to receive the guest. As he sat him down all around clapped their hands, and as he addressed a few words of greeting to them they knelt, then crossed their hands upon their breasts.

Here the prince sat in state receiving the petty princes and neighbouring gentry as they arrived to do him homage.

When, towards evening, many had ar-

rived, each with their small offering to their host in the way of drink and food to add to the store of provisions and refreshments to be used during the coming dance, the prince called the old man to him and bid all present hear what he had to say to them.

By means of an interpreter or herald the prince then thanked the old man for his kind reception, and called him Maloango, and said that one of his wives should always bear the name "Chimbumba," that being the name of the Maloango family feteich: that he should henceforth be his gate-keeper at this southernmost extremity of his province: that he should be charged with the reception and trial of the six princesses whom his brother of Kacongo would send on to him at Loango to become his honoured wives: that he should have the right to tear off the ivory

MALOANGO PONGO FALLS SICK.
(*From a sketch by the Author.*)

bracelet, which marked the woman who wore it as a prince's wife, from the arm of any princess who might cross the river without special permission, who, after he had used her, should become the common property of all his people: that he should appoint a petty prince, called mafuca mäsi, to the duty of ferryman. A grand dance commemorated this visit.

Over "chimbumba," the green patch, Maloango has still his shimbec, where also he had for many years an image called Pinda, but a sad misfortune happened some years ago to the latter, which saddened the then Maloango and, they say, finally broke his heart.

Some traders, on evil bent, much annoyed by the continual dances given round about the shimbec, which was close to their dwelling, and bothered by being continually reminded that they could not

walk about or shoot over certain grounds sacred to Pinda, as it was supposed that she walked over them from her shimbec on her way to the river to wash and drink, determined to do away with her. So one dark night they set out, and, having torn her from her comfortable shimbec, cruelly hurried Mrs. Pinda to the river, when, as she was partaking of its waters, they pushed her well into the middle of the stream. Indignation, or some such virtuous passion, appears to have entirely deprived the old lady of her powers of speech; anyway, she neither shrieked nor cried out, much to the traders' comfort, as they watched her being swept out of the river, and far away out to sea, by the mighty current.

The next day two slaves were killed in silence by Maloango, no one knew why. But, little by little, it came out that Mrs.

Pinda had found Chi Loango, or Little Loango, much infested by that horrible pest, the mosquito, and so had determined to seek another and more kindly climate.

She swam as far north as Ponto de Negro, and rested there, meaning evidently to proceed as far as Loango, and then complain to the king of her bad treatment. But as this town became also pestered by mosquitos, the people round about declared that it was owing to her arrival; they therefore commissioned their "Nganga," or surgeon, to throw Mrs. Pinda back again into the sea. Mrs. Pinda lost heart at this repetition of the insult already once bestowed upon her, and apparently determined to try to swim back to Chi Loango, but after many fruitless attempts to stem the tide, she at last allowed herself to be washed ashore in a frightfully exhausted

condition opposite a small town a few miles south of Ponte de Negro, where a kindly nganga picked her up and lodged her carefully in a shimbec, feeling certain in himself, and assuring her, that Maloango, some fine day, would come and ransom her. There she has remained, no Maloango up to the present having been able to pay the sum required for her release.

Maloango Pongo soon afterwards died of a broken heart, as the natives, especially his relations, said, but really from congestion of the lungs, complicated with about ten other fatal diseases. His brother Antonio, however, who hated his cousin Thomas,—who had always given Maloango Pongo trouble, and whom he had often heard called a witch by certain of the traders when he had by his hateful and vicious plots and disturbances greatly annoyed

them,—I say Antonio was sure that Thomas had been the cause of Pinda's trouble, and had bewitched Maloango and so caused his death. He therefore, after having first consulted the ngangas or surgeons, openly accused Thomas of having bewitched Maloango: Thomas, feeling guilty, ran away, but Antonio, having seen that his gilly-gilly was properly charged with the malongos or medicines necessary to drive away all the evils that might overtake him on his perilous journey, pursued the fugitive, and eventually succeeded in making him his prisoner and forcing him to undergo the ordeal of cassia or powdered bark of a certain tree—about which more hereafter. Thomas, having been proved a witch, was killed, and Melinger, his brother, and Antonio's, cousin, succeeded Maloango Pongo.

Nkiss, or general feteiches, are those

before mentioned as endowed with the power of evil, such as Mbialli, Mundembi, Mangarka, and hundreds of others, into which nails are driven on payment of a certain sum to the doctor or nganga, petitioner's request to be saved from evil being considered as heard and certain of accomplishment as the nail is being driven in. A man, for instance, eats some prohibited food, and if he does not die from fright of the evil about to overtake him, runs to the nganga of the feteich or nkiss insulted, and tells him all about it, beseeching him to give him some medicine, that he may not die. The surgeon, unless he wishes to get his nkiss' name "up" by letting the man die of fright, on a certain payment being made, gives him the necessary malongo and drives a fresh nail into the feteich, so that if the man again eats of the forbidden food he may surely die. Perhaps

A. thinks evil of B., and immediately hurries off to the nganga nkiss (surgeon) to get his gilly-gilly (feteich of the third class) filled up with the requisite malongo to counteract the evil he is expecting as the result of his evil thoughts. The nganga will supply him, on payment, if B. is enjoying good health; but if, on the contrary, B. is ill, or if he is wishful to ingratiate himself with B.'s family, he will trot off to them, and hint to them that somebody is bewitching B. B.'s friends implore him to guess who it may be that is really bewitching him; B. dies of fright (not an uncommon occurrence), and on being well paid, the nganga divines that A. is the witch. A. is then called upon to take, as a test, the powdered bark of the cassia tree, and cassia and fear combined kill him, unless, on a further payment, the nganga has been bribed by A.'s friends

to put a bean or other substance into the cassia, so that A.'s stomach will throw up the noxious draught, and thus assert his innocence.

Attached to this class of feteich are endless ngangas, each famed for some wonderful power of divination, and each with his different mode of guessing. One will sit him down upon a mat, after having made his assistant sweep the ground for a space of about three yards around him, and there describe a figure upon the ground before him, using his finger as his pencil, a figure being chequered like a chess-board. In each square he places stones or little pieces of stick, and then appearing to give his whole attention to his work, commences rubbing the palm of one hand against the palm of the other, now changing the positions of his little pieces of stick, then rubbing his hands together again, until at

last the palm of one hand refuses to meet the palm of the other; on the contrary, one hand crosses the other above or below, as the case may be, but never can he get his hands to kiss each other. Another will open and shut a box much like a pill-box, and, as he thinks of one whom he supposes has committed the evil, will endeavour to pull off the lid, which, when he at last hits upon the culprit, refuses to be separated from the box. Another, taking two wisps of straw, one in each hand, places them so that their opposite ends meet and overlap; and then causing a small boy to lie across the two wisps thus joined, attempts to lift him from the earth: should he succeed in lifting the boy, as he mentions the name of him whom he imagines to have committed the evil, he considers that he has guessed the culprit.

Some will take a knife, and having made

it red hot, will pass it three times up and down the legs of all around him until one at last is burnt, and the blister thus raised marks the guilty.

To describe one of these feteiches is to describe them all. Imagine, then, a figure of wood, some two or three feet high, representing a man, a woman, or some animal with a distinct peculiarity about it, either a long leg or arm, a curious foot, or other deformity. This figure appears to be one mass of nails, spear-points, knives, or bits of iron, each of which has some peculiar significance, known only to the nganga, who indeed must have a marvellous memory since he is supposed to know by whom each nail was driven into the feteich, and for what purpose.

It is said that when these feteiches were carved (the ngangas, having first pointed out the tree in which the evil spirit resided),

many slaves were killed, and their blood *mixed* with the blood that they say gushed forth from the tree when it was cut.

I remember when Maloango Pongo was first taken ill and consulted the ngangas: he was stretched out upon a mat, the scorching sun being allowed to play full upon him, his wives kneeling at his head, while Antonio and a few friends stood round about. There sat the surgeon in his hideous mask, —otherwise nude, with the exception of a band or fringe about his loins. The fringe was composed of countless ends of pieces of cloth, about ten inches long, hidden among which, by occasional tinkling, one is made aware of the presence of a few tiny bells. A fowl is tethered by one leg, a prisoner at his feet. There he sat before M'bialli Mundembi, the great and powerful feteich, with a little box in his hand, amusing himself apparently,

but actually engrossed in his business of divination as he kept pulling the lid of the box off and putting it on again. At last the lid refused to be parted from the box as he muttered the name Thomas. Poor Maloango would not return to his own town, so much afraid was he that Thomas would do him some grievous harm. He sought protection and hospitality in Matenda's town on the other side of the river Kacongo, where eventually he died.

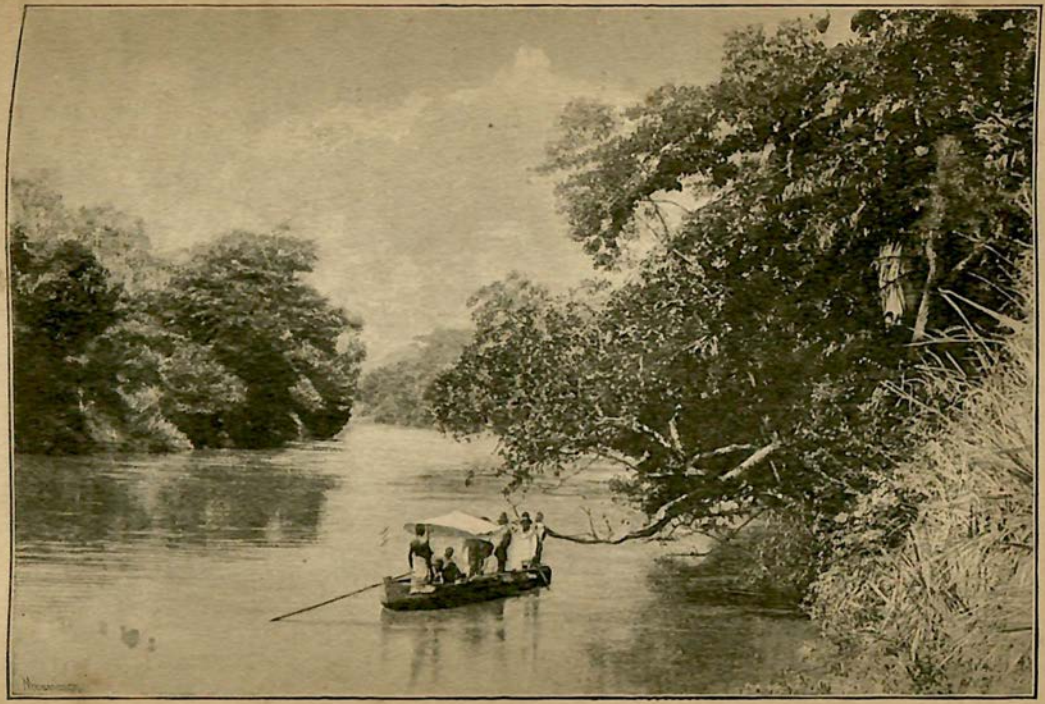
Antonio spent his money right and left by calling down the different great feteiches and having nails driven into them, praying them to kill the witches who had bewitched his brother, and were still bewitching him. The custom is to send the doctor six yards of dark-blue cloth and a gallon of rum. On receipt of this fee, the doctor will bring the feteich down in a hammock, carried by two men, and have him placed carefully upon

his feet. The petitioner then tells his tale of woe, gesticulating most frantically as he describes the evil done him, or the vengeance he wishes the feteich to take upon the evil-doer; or as he loudly abjures some evil habit in himself, such as drunkenness, or forswears some unclean food. The nganga receives the nail from the petitioner, and, after having twisted it in his hair so that, in dragging the nail away, he pulls out quantities of the suppliant's hair, he makes him kiss it, and then, finally addressing the feteich, repeats the request or oath and drives the nail well into the feteich.

Thirdly, we come to the penates of the Nkissist, his kiss-a-kiss or gilly-gilly. Gilly-gillies are so numerous that to describe them all would be to relate the family and particular misfortunes of every deluded negro in the country. As you notice that

every native carries his kiss-a-kiss with him wherever he goes, so you may be sure that thereby hangs a tale. Generally the kiss-a-kiss hangs from the shoulder by means of a sling, but sometimes it is attached to his waist. He will often leave it hanging over some of his possessions which, for some purpose or other he has been obliged to leave, or by way of appropriating a certain spot to himself, much in the way our M.P.'s leave their hats on the seats which they wish to secure in the House.

For the most part the gilly-gilly consists of a small wooden figure, with a large box for a stomach, which is filled with the correct medicines; this figure is almost always embedded in some skin or other, to which is attached a thick fringe, composed of many ends of different pieces of cloth, which in their turn serve to wrap malongos in. Malongos, or medi-



UP THE QUILO RIVER.
(*From a photograph by Illus. Snr. Moraes.*)

cines, and charms, the fourth class of Nkissism, are thus closely connected with the gilly-gilly. These, though sometimes given inwardly, are for the most part attached either to a band tied round the head, or to a necklace, bracelet, anklet, or waist-band, and sometimes are distributed over certain parts of the patient's body.

Thus, during Maloango's illness he was continually being spluttered over, and the ngangas made a small fortune out of the malongos sold to him. When he died, as I have remarked, Antonio had numerous gilly-gillies filled with different medicines and charms before he set out to find and secure Thomas.

CHAPTER IV.

NATIVE GOVERNMENT, LAWS, ETC.

Congo the great Father—Usurpation of his authority by subordinates—Officers of state—Lawyers—Ordeal by Cassia—Relations of Natives with white men—Native views of right and wrong—Recompense for injury—An affair with the Natives—Trade stopped—Blackmail—Ambassadors to the Princes—A nigger to be burned as compensation—Kidnapping a pirate Prince—Negotiations for a palaver—Five or six white men *versus* four or five thousand Natives—Battle of the "Linguisters"—Exile of prisoners—More complications with Natives—Folly of a white trader—A dangerous position—Right of way in Africa—Murder of traders—A trader's revenge—Calendar of the Fjort.

WHAT the form of government may have been previous to 1482 of course we cannot know, but between that time and 1670 Congo seems to have ruled as the great

father, fuma, or king, from Loango to Loanda. Gradually, however, his viceroys, or manifumas, appear to have assumed the title of fuma or king, which, originally, belonged exclusively to Congo.

The country north of the Congo was divided into three great provinces, Loango, Kacongo and Ngoio ; each being presided over by a manifuma representing the great fuma Congo, and, again, each being divided into six departments, governed in their turn by tekkli fumas, or lieutenants. These tekkli fumas held their courts in their chief towns, and governed their departments constitutionally. Thus, Petra Praia was minister of the marine ; Mancaca, the secretary of war; Mafucas, the ambassador's heralds or town clerks ; Mangovas, the gentlemen-in-waiting. But distance and the difficulty of communication placed too much power in the hands of the

manifumas, who in time usurped the title of fuma, throwing off their allegiance to Congo; the tekkli fumas thus assumed the distinction of manifumas also. On the death of the manifumas (now fumas) no one could be found ready to undertake the expense of burying him: thus in death, and as a dead man, he lives, and is yet supposed to reign. The tekkli fumas, already by usurpation manifumas, then became fumas, throwing off their real allegiance to the great unburied; so that to-day each of these former tekkli fumas is spoken of and looked upon as a fuma, their sons manifumas, and their grandchildren tekkli fumas. All these petty princes now-a-days have assumed the title of mani. Thus we have mani-macosso, mani-sequiço, mani-Loango, contracted into Maloango.

The Fuma or prince, Mambuco (prime

minister), Petra Praia (minister of marine), mafucas, heralds, and mangovas, gentlemen, generally, as the heads of large and powerful families, inhabit separate towns, and each in his own town, with the help of his old councillors, settles his own family disputes. The Prince alone, however, employs an executioner, or mancaca. Should the question be very serious, i.e. one of life or death, a grand palâver is held; and when all the princes and councillors are assembled, the plaintiff and defendant having each employed an advocate (generally a fluent speaker), each states his case. The advocates then argue the case, bringing up many preceding former cases, and reminding all how they were decided. They compare their clients to different beasts, plants, or objects in the natural world, and try to prove that as it is natural for

a beast, plant, or object, under certain circumstances, to act in such and such a manner, so their client was forced to act. When they have finished, friends on either side may bring up palavers within their remembrance or knowledge and of judgments given. Finally the princes and old men go apart to some secluded spot, argue among themselves, and, returning, give a judgment which is irrevocable in so far as the point argued is concerned, and forms a new precedent.

The loser, however, can urge another question against the gainer, so long as he can afford to entertain the princes properly during their stay, and thus a loss is often succeeded by a gain and the effect of the first judgment is neutralized. Sometimes the loser declares himself innocent and dares them to put him to any test, cassia, etc. Then, in the presence of all, he will take a

piece of mandioco root (from which tapioca is made), the staple food of the country; or cassava out of the mouth of M'biali Mundembi, the feteich before mentioned. If innocent, it will have no effect on him, but if guilty he will swell and then die in terrible convulsions. There are two or more kinds of mandioco, one being in its raw state highly poisonous. Probably the surgeon, knowing the man to be innocent or guilty from previous knowledge, places the poisonous or non-poisonous in the mouth of the feteich accordingly.

Their relations to the white man are much the same as to one another; that is to say, traders conform as nearly as possible to the law, and the natives treat the traders as they treat their own; always remembering that a white man is a white man and a black man a black man. In other words that the white man is his superior in

wisdom and his superior as a prince of cloth, in social standing and in the power which his riches give him.

Tying up a man or making him a prisoner is the only way that one has of bringing matters to a climax; but you are not allowed to tie a man up until you have resorted to all peaceable means of coming to an understanding. A man, for instance, owes you some money, or having insulted you, or one of your people, owes you an apology: you will at once send an ambassador, whom you pay for his services, and whom the delinquent is not only bound to entertain, but also to make him a present, and by him send you a definite reply. Perhaps he will promise to pay you shortly, or to come himself and see you about it. After the day appointed for his coming has passed and you have heard nothing further from him, you are

allowed to tie him up, to make any of his relatives your prisoner, or secure and hold any of his property that you can lay your hands upon, until such a time as he has paid your debt and all the expense you have been put to in connection therewith. Debt you may say is at the bottom of all their actions and activity, for until they are or fancy themselves to be in debt they will not move.

Duty forbids them to steal, to murder, to commit adultery; but so long as they can do one or all of these three without being found out they consider they have done no wrong. Once they are discovered, they become indebted to the person they have injured, and will do anything to pay off their obligation.

They know it is wrong to wish you evil unless indeed you have injured them and will take the greatest care to hide their evil feelings; lest, peradventure, they may be

considered your debtors and punished as such. Neither will they rest night nor day in the endeavour to make you pay them what you owe. If you have spoken crossly they will remain cross with you until you make it up to them. Should you have thrashed them, justly though it may be, they are not happy until you have given them some little present, and will remember the debt they think you owe them until you do. At times it happens in a row that you wound a stranger or somebody unconnected with the affair, when he (the person thus injured) will urge the question against you and make you pay most heavily unless you can at once take him aside and, apologizing nicely, get him to drink a cup of something you give him; for if he receive anything from you, be it ever so small, he cannot take any further proceedings.

One day a linguister, a native commission

agent, arrived in a trading canoe, and stated that Mambuko Poite, a prince some way up the river Kacongo, at a place called Chindendi, had taken out seventeen matets (baskets of trade) from his canoe, and then allowed him to pass, stating that he had no palaver with our house, and that if I sent him five longs and five gallons of rum he would make a little hole in the "chiqueiro," or stoppage in the river, and let my trade pass. I had my doubts as to the veracity of the gentleman's statement; but the white traders up the river came down with the news that the river was shut, owing to a young French naturalist having made a journey up it without the leave of the princes.

I despatched an ambassador to Mambuko Poite to inquire what question I had with him that he should dare to take seventeen matets out of my canoe, but sent

him no matabixo or present. I did this so as to have an official reply in case of future complications.

My ambassador, of course a native, together with ambassadors from other white men, talked to the fat old man until he fairly melted. But he said that he was afraid to open the river lest some of his tribe should come down as usual with their trade, and the white men should do them some injury. Finally they arranged that he should give one nigger to be burnt for the error he had made in stopping the trade, and should summon all the adjacent princes and traders' ambassadors, who should promise, in the presence of all the feteiches, for their masters, that they would do his followers no harm if he burnt the nigger as a sign of the renewal of the treaty, and opened the river. There was a further condition, viz: that a law be made that "chiqueiros" were henceforth

illegal, and that any prince making one should pay the other princes a certain amount and burn a nigger on the re-making of the agreement.

My ambassador returned delighted at the success of his mission, the loss Mambuko would suffer by the death of the nigger being considered punishment enough for him—he did not trouble himself about the pain and suffering the poor negro would have to undergo. He also confirmed my suspicions about the robbery of seventeen matets by stating that Tate (the native trader's name) had got through the "chiqueiro" or stoppage by coming behind one Manibachi, the prince governing the country, Nsocoto, on the side of the river opposite Mambuko's, who had taken out the seventeen matets by way of security for the present Tate promised him, if he would only get his trade through. This Manibachi

was a most obnoxious and at the same time a most important prince, and was principally instrumental in the closing of the river, having made poor Mambuko his cat's-paw. He brought his trade down, considering himself all too big a potentate for the white man to deal with ; perhaps vainly imagining that all was over now that Mambuko had promised to burn a negro. Unfortunately for him, however, our ambassadors had only been acting on their own account, and had been taking a great deal too much for granted as to the action the white man would take.

We took a great interest in all Manibachi's movements, and had him closely watched, it not being our intention to interfere with him until he had quite finished selling his trade. We determined that it was for our common interest that Manibachi should be taken prisoner and held until such time as we had justice done

to us for the great inconvenience and loss Mambuko Poite and his friends had caused us.

When he had measured his trade and taken his pay and was about to paddle up the river, he was promptly surrounded by three other canoes which we had kept in readiness, and after a shot or two had been fired, was easily captured. The scoundrel was secured, and as soon as we had placed him safely in prison, we immediately sent word to the white traders stationed up the river, to put them on their guard against any attack the natives might meditate. Thus the meeting between Mambuko Poite and our ambassadors and the burning of the negro were rendered quite unnecessary. The Nsocoto people at once forced Mambuko Poite to clear the river, and sent an ambassador to "Antonio," requesting him to write a threatening letter

to the white man. This he did and promptly received a reply, in which we pointed out the wrong that had been done us, and invited him to come and see us for the purpose of settling the question as soon as possible, at the same time regretting his implied threat, which only made matters worse for the pirate we had in chains.

We were determined to make an example of the man we now had in custody, but wished to carry on matters as far as possible according to native law.

By an old agreement any one making a "chiqueiro" had to pay a heavy fine, and kill a negro on the re-making of the broken agreement.

This we found did not deter princes from breaking the treaty, for the simple reason that during the stoppage of traffic they were able to rob far more than the fine and the value of the negro.

Mambuko Poite of Chindendi, and Manicequico or Manibachi of Nsocoto, having both broken the old treaty, would have to kill each his slave on its renewal. That innocent men should be sacrificed was of course to be avoided, if possible, and we therefore objected strongly to finishing the palaver in that way. Antonio having arrived, we met him and decided upon sending him up the river to make inquiries as to who was really to blame for the "chiqueiro" or stoppage of traffic, and to insist upon Mambuko Poite and the tribe of Socoto each giving up one well-known pirate to be exchanged for Manibachi, who eventually, we promised, should have his freedom on the condition that the robbers were to be handed over to the first man-of-war that made its appearance.

Antonio, however, declined to pass up the river, though he was ready to go over-

land to Chindendi, where he would find Mambuko Poite, and finally, having been advised to carry on his negotiations in Massabe, a place twelve miles north of Landana, he did so.

Mambuko Manipambo, the chief prince after the prince of Kacongo, now sent us an ambassador, at the request, so he said, of Mambuko Poite, to assure us that Mpoite was in no way to blame for the stoppage of the river; to prove that our prisoner Manibachi was the instigator of all the mischief, and finally to propose that the traders should go up the river as far as Chiuma, a place half-way between the sea and Chindendi, to hold a palaver, the white men to take Manibachi with them. The latter step was to show the princes there assembled that the white man would tie up any thief, as big a man as he might be, and also to prove that the

prisoner was still in the land of the living. We replied that we were anxious to hold a palaver, but were awaiting the result of the negotiations now being carried on by Antonio; that as soon as the result was known the traders would agree to allow their ambassadors to pass all feteiches necessary for the safety of the princes, who were to come down to the sea to hold the palaver. After more than a month passed in negotiations we were rejoiced to welcome the little French naturalist who had been some months up the river catching butterflies, and who had passed Chindendi during the night, hidden in a trade canoe. Had he fallen into the natives' hands, of course we should have been obliged to change prisoners, and then the question would have ended. Nearly two months had passed and no trade been done, so tired of awaiting the

result of Antonio's negotiations, we determined to send ambassadors to the Loango and Kacongo princes to say that we were ready to hold the palaver. Mambuco, on behalf of the Kacongo princes, declared that they were ready to hold the palaver, but that it was to take place in Chic. Mancotchi, on behalf of the Loango princes, sent us an ambassador to the same effect. We determined not to trust ourselves so far from the sea, and decided that the palaver should be held on the beach, and sent our answer to the princes.

Finally.—Out of consideration for a few princes who, according to their laws, were not allowed to look upon the sea, we granted their request to hold the palaver half a mile inland, half-way between the beach and the French Mission, beneath the shade of a wide-spreading fig-tree.

The princes came crowding down the hills above Landana, some in hammocks, some on foot, a pretty but an awe-inspiring sight.

One little incident struck me as likely to lead to a row. It was about 3 p.m. and the princes had nearly all taken their seats, rows upon rows of their followers squatting closely behind them, when we heard the jeering, devil-may-care shouts of hammock carriers, who, with a wild rush, brought a prince in his hammock right into the centre of the space left between the seats of the white men and those of the princes. There we five or six white men sat, without a weapon of any sort, opposite to four or five thousand natives, bent upon the release of their imprisoned prince, when this little intrusion interrupted the hitherto even course of the meeting. This prince was the mafuca of Landana, and had appeared in state to claim his seat. We, however, objected, on

the grounds that we had done without him for the last three years, and should endeavour for the future to do the same, and so refused to allow him to take a seat. A bit of a row ensued, and finally the would-be mafuca left us in a huff. After all seats had been taken Antonio opened the palaver by describing the occupation of the white man, how he came to Africa to trade, and so benefit the natives, and not to be continually having rows with them. He sang them snatches of the songs used by our servants as they paddled in our canoes, rolled our casks, or sacked up our kernels; he mimicked the hammering of the cooper, and the Jack-wash as he washed our clothes; he sang to them of the old traders long ago dead and buried, pointing out their virtues, their life and death, and of the youngest whose name had become familiar to them. The whole assembly

seemed moved, and joined in when Antonio sang any popular song. The effect of so many being easily led by one who understood them so well, the earnest way in which they hung on his every word was extremely touching. Old men shook their hoary heads and muttered rather than sang assent disjointedly, forming a kind of accompaniment to the younger men who sang so energetically.

When our advocate or representative, Antonio, had stated our case, the oldest prince of Kacongo, through his linguister, having repeated all that had been said as if it were a lesson learnt by heart, commenting on certain points brought forward by Antonio, and accompanied the whole time by the entire assembly quietly clapping their hands in perfect time, he concluded amidst the shouts and applause of all.

Now Mambuko Manipaulo's linguister,

having stepped forth into the ring, the king grunted three times to demand silence; the linguister then, accompanied only by Mambuko Manipaulo's people, who clapped their hands softly, related how he, as mambuco, prime minister of Kacongo, had heard of the white man's trouble, and how he had, after great difficulty, called together this immense assembly, explaining every step taken in so doing with the greatest minuteness.

Mancotchi's linguister then told all he had heard and done for those on his side of the river in connection with this palaver, which closed the proceedings for the day.

The next day, all being reassembled, Mambuco Mani Poite was called upon to state his case.

Then the people of Nsocoto stated their version, the hearing of which took the entire day.

The next day the president informed our linguister, after an hour's talk, that Mambuco Poite and Manibachi had closed the river for the three following reasons :—

1st. Because a white man had passed M'buli, a certain village up the river, contrary to the treaty, i.e. without leave.

2nd. That nearly all the white men used big measures for their oil and called them M'buko Poite, after the aforesaid prince, who was a very fat man, and never "dashed" him anything for taking his name in vain.

3rd. Because a white man had sent two "longs" and one gallon to M'buko Poite to tie up any canoe of the French house that contained cloth or goods on its way to the bush.

The two latter reasons were proved to be absurd and without foundation, and it was proved that the white man had gone up the river in charge of a well-known

prince of their own land. That they had treated him well in his up-going and down-coming, whereas, if he had done wrong, they might have tied *him* up and given notice to the traders of what they had done instead of illegally stopping the traffic of the river. They admitted themselves to be in the wrong, and asked the traders their terms for the release of their prince. After a little moralizing, which entirely convinced them of the emptiness of the motives they had given for the stoppage of traffic, they admitted that they had only placed the "chiqueiro" there for the purpose of robbing. They now asked us to release Manibachi, and we agreed to do so on condition that they repaid us for our losses. They replied that they could not possibly do so as we expected so much. We then offered to release him on condition that they would hand over to us three great

MY MOTHER IS KILLED AS A WITCH.

robbers in exchange. We named the thieves Njimmy, Manichinchita, and another. The first and last they were willing to hand over to us as soon as caught, but Manichinchita, they said, could not be given up. They offered us, however, another in his place, and said that we were allowed to take Manichinchita at any future period if we could catch him. The traders then did their utmost to secure this pirate but with no success; he had placed himself under the protection of Mambuko Manipaulo and had knocked all feteiches against any one who should dare to give him up. And there was still another reason. Many years previously Manitatika, (from Nsocoto and of the same family as Manisequico,) was seized for a similar offence and sent on a long visit to "Davy Jones." He had never returned. Now Manibachi was a prisoner and

Njimmy, the latter's nephew, was to be given up. To give up Manichinchita, the uncle of Manibachi, was altogether too much punishment for one family, so the assembly was dismissed and our decisions postponed.

After many stormy meetings the traders finally resolved to accept the two thieves and release Manibachi, making him responsible, by treaty, for any piracy that might occur in the river for the future.

The question now was, what was to be done with the prisoners. Some were for drowning them at once, but others were for handing them over to a French man-of-war then coming into port. Nothing, however, was decided. A few days afterwards a Portuguese man-of-war appeared, and, somehow or other, the idea to hand them over to a properly constituted authority was considered a very good one,

and the prisoners were there and then shipped never to return.

Some time after this a Mancaca Setchi had sold some trade to a white man up the river, and, having lost a cheque, swore that the trader never gave him one. What does he do but rush a little way up the river and unjustly tie up one of my canoes, robbing the contents by way of compensating himself for his supposed loss!

I immediately sent word to the princes, and demanded that they should give him up to me according to the treaty made by all the princes with the traders at the release of Manibachi; they promised to do so, but thought that by delaying, the affair would perhaps blow over. After waiting many months I acted according to their own law. A prince of the same town as Mancaca Setchi, having brought and sold

me trade, I requested him to walk into the store as I wished to speak to him. Of course he, expecting a handsome "dash" or present, came, and I then spoke to him, (having first locked the doors,) to the effect that he, or the cheques he had received for the trade he had measured, would have to remain with me until his town gave up Mancaca Setchi. No, he would not give up his cheques. Then perhaps he would walk into the chains? No, he did not want to be tied up. At last he left his cheques, and off he went, hot foot after Mancaca. He tried all means of getting out of the disagreeable duty of tying up his friend, by endeavouring to get his relations to pay his bushmen. His friends did not feel inclined to help him, however, and the bushmen went back to their towns, and threatened to stop the river up. Complications and the fear of further mischief

soon set the traders on the princes, and very soon my friend appeared, covered with blood and dust, leading Mancaca Setchi, (also bleeding and in chains,) into our yard.

I noticed that my friends' companions, as soon as they had received a mata-bixo, cleared out, and afterwards was told, that one of them was Manichinchita, whom we were all so anxious to capture. As to my prisoner, I called the white men together, and it was decided not to hold a palaver, but to try the effect of sending Mancaca Setchi after Njimmy and his friend without any more to do.

Next day, by four o clock, he was on his way to Loanda. The day after, his uncle, Manfuca Bonçela, sent me a large canoe of trade, with the message that I might take it all, if only I would set his nephew free. I replied that such was

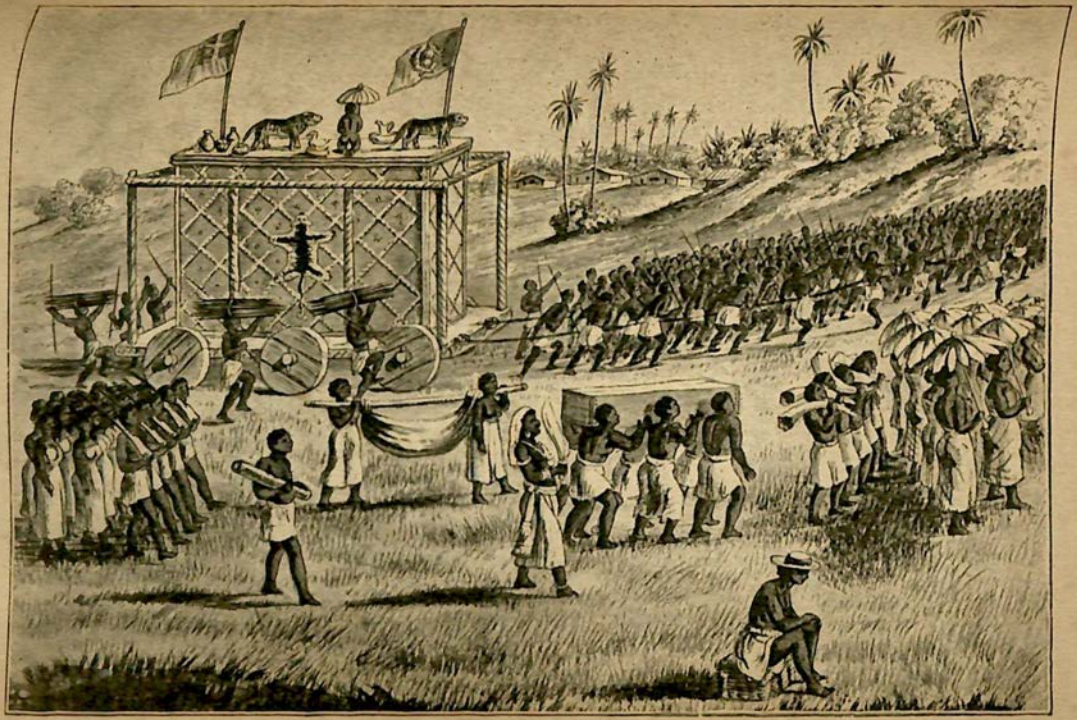
impossible, as I had already given his nephew up to justice. Soon after this his uncle came down, and told me he was very glad I had sent Mancaca Setchi away, as he was an awful thief, and had caused him no end of trouble.

Six months after this, one Mancaca Biobi caused a similar stoppage of traffic in the river, the only difference being, that the natives in the canoe, objecting to being robbed, fought, two persons losing their lives thereby. The trader, whose duty it was to administer justice, not being acquainted with the treaty of Manibachi, took it upon himself to finish the question, regardless of former treaties, and determined to hold a palaver. From time to time the date of the palaver was changed; at last we were called together, and, out of courtesy, had to listen to what the trader, and the natives had to say, although we

reminded the former that there was no need for any palaver, and that the natives were only humbugging him. This poor excited individual arranged all in his own mind, and, I have no doubt, meant to impress us with his worth, and to show us what a force of armed slaves he had at command when necessary. For, no sooner had Antonio (whom he had called in to settle the palaver) given him authority—Mancaca Biobi naturally taking to his heels—than striking an attitude he shouted, "To arms, to arms, slaves, and at him!"

Surprised we certainly were, and we sat in our chairs with our mouths open, not having been invited to bring our arms with us, and not seeing the force of his appeal to arms; since, according to native law, they were bound to hand over Mancaca, when once judgment had

been given against him. Imagine our disgust at seeing a white man behave thus weakly. His brave slaves came back with the news that there were five or six hundred armed niggers lying hid in the long grass and bushes round about. Disgust was now a mild term to apply to our indignation. We were doomed to still further humiliation. Antonio stepped forward and assured the trader that there was no danger: that he would hand over the prisoner. This he quickly did. Whereupon the trader embraced Antonio, called him his friend, preserver, and what not, and turning to the murderer, who was now handed over to him, assured him that he would not hurt him, and that he would be kindly and properly treated. He then gave matabixos to the different princes, to soothe their angry passions.



BURIAL OF MAMBUCO.
(*From a sketch by the Author.*)

About this time there was a dispute between the French and Portuguese as to the exact position of 5° 12′ Lat. S., and we were honoured by a visit from the Secretary General of Angola, who noticed the prisoner, and, after a poor inquiry, took it upon himself to release him, on condition that he would pay the trader a certain sum. With one accord all the traders marched down to the said trader's house, and gave him such a rowing in the very presence of the Secretary General, that he felt obliged to apologize to us for not having consulted us in the matter. The Secretary General also expressed his regret at having released so great a scoundrel. To add to our wrath two days after this we were officially informed that, as Landana was south of 5° 12′ Lat. S., the Portuguese had no right to interfere in our questions, and that we were considered *in statu quo*

until the result of the Berlin Conference was known.

A few years ago a white man bought some ground to build his factory upon. There happened to be a native road running right across it, by which the natives had for years been accustomed to travel down to the river to wash, and draw water for drinking purposes. As soon as the trader had built his house, he found it inconvenient to have natives passing backwards and forwards through his yard, on no business connected with his trade. He therefore shut the road, fencing in his yard, and making a new road, leading to nearly the same spot, outside his fence. The natives took umbrage at his action, and bothered him on all possible occasions; until, at length, a prince, on his way to some town, one or two days' journey dis-

tant, warned him that if, on his return, the old road was still shut, the natives would open it by force, and prayed him to open it. The trader gave the prince a matabixo (a drink) and let him go, promising nothing.

On the prince's return the road was still closed, so down he came with his badungo and mancaca, followed by crowds of natives, and opened the road by force; killing the trader and his two neighbours, who, side by side, fought to the last, endeavouring to save their comrade's life, and their master's property from the maddened savages.

Traders round about swore eternal vengeance against the prince, and his people, and one put his threat into execution. Having called the prince to meet him at a certain spot for the supposed purpose of holding a palaver, he led a handful of armed

slaves over hill and through swamp until, crossing a swiftly-flowing river, he came to the appointed place, an island in a swamp. As soon as the natives saw arms they divined his purpose and attacked him. He, however, bent on vengeance, took deliberate aim at the prince, and never budged till he saw him fall; then, with three men wounded, he made for his canoe, running the gauntlet of the infuriated heathens' fire, as he paddled his way up stream once more, to regain the solitary landing on the other side of the mangrove-wooded river.

The Fjort divides his year into two seasons, the season of rain, and the season of sun, each of which, he divides into three: massanganga, nsasu, eamdi (October to March), the season of rain; quitombo, quibiso, quimbangala (March to October), the season of sun. But he also divides

the year into twelve lunar months; the first month being September.

Each of the months is divided into two ngonda ntomba, ngonda mãïsa, the moon of darkness, and the moon of light.

Their week contains four days, ton, seelo, son, 'nkando. The women are not supposed to work in the fields on the fourth day.

CHAPTER V.

THE LATE POLITICAL UPHEAVALS.

A visit from De Brazza—Description of the French explorer—"A most agreeable man"—De Brazza's treaties with the natives—Vandevelt—The traders ignored by the Congo Association—Action of the French—Lieutenant Harou—The Dutch Trading Company—Fleecing the African International Association—Captain Grant Elliott—The German Expedition under Dr. Güssfeldt—High-handed action of the Portuguese—The British Trader and the British Government—"Our Country" appropriated by the busybodies at Berlin—An insult to France—Burning a witch—French the official language of the Congo Free State—"All Greek" to the natives.

ONE day our kind old doctor, as good and jolly a Frenchman as ever stepped, and a man who has made his name an

authority on all coast diseases, and is a renowned naturalist, received a note from De Brazza to say, that, after some fighting, he had made his way to a town not far distant from Landana, and that he might be expected in a day or two. Sure enough, two or three days afterwards, we were attracted by the shouts of "A white man! A white man!" and the cries proclaiming the shocked modesty of the women, who had chanced to catch sight of De Brazza as he waded through the swamp behind Chiloango. We had the honour of receiving him, and his dress certainly betokened the explorer. A wretched helmet, a ragged shirt, compasses, chronometers, pedometers, and what not, slung from his neck, shoulders, and waist, and a dirty piece of flannel girded about his loins, completed his toilet. How a fat old native trader, on picking up the aforesaid piece of flannel,

did giggle, and on my telling him that many at home would give him a lot of money for it as a curio, he carefully concealed it in his shimbec or hut.

We could not persuade De Brazza to have a bath, nor to change his clothes, so, after having donned a very ragged pair of explorer's pants and taken a cup of coffee, he proceeded to present himself in Landana.

Pleasant and affable, De Brazza gave us the impression of being of an excitable nature; tall and sharp-featured, with a quick eye, full of spirit and energy, he certainly, although worn out at the time, looked like a man able to push himself along through endless difficulties. His eccentricities we smiled at, and generally concluded that he was a most agreeable man, and as such wished him well. We grinned when, a few months later, we read

of his Makoko treaty, and laughed outright when we read of a serious nation having ratified it. Who is Makoko? we asked. The natives told us he was a bush nigger. Now we heard rumours that the French meant to occupy Loango.

Vandeveldt passed us in hot haste on his way to Loango to make treaties on behalf of the "African International Association." As no one had taken the trouble to explain to us traders the real objects this Association had in view, most of us thought that it probably meant to become a great trading concern, and as such we opposed it.

Capt. Grant Elliott, one of Stanley's lieutenants, was hourly expected to appear on the coast somewhere near Loango, as he had left Isangela nearly one hundred days before.

Vandeveldt made any number of treaties

with the natives; but his ignorance of the country and the proper authorities rendered most of them void, so that the French, quietly bringing their force and persuasion to bear on the authorities, (although some opposed them to the bitter end,) holding money in the one hand, and arms in the other (the former of which the natives refused to accept, and the latter they were unable to resist), took possession of Loango and Ponte de Negro.

Suddenly a steamer appeared in Chiloango, and forthwith began to discharge her cargo on the beach. Lieutenant Harou, a Belgian officer, now made his appearance on behalf of the A.I.A., and being in every way an affable and agreeable man, and having given us his word of honour that the A.I.A. was not a trading concern, although Mr. Gillis, their business agent, had commenced trading, (presumably on

his own account,) up the Congo, we gave him hospitality, and stored his cargo for him.

He made treaties with the princes of Chiloango and Chinchonso, helped and assisted by most of the traders resident there; and, after some preliminaries had been arranged, decided to build himself a station at Chinchonzo (once the depôt of the German expedition under Drs. Güssfeldt and Falkenstein).

Matchita, the heir to Mambuko and petra praia of that place, having ceded him a splendid site, and the princes, according to custom, having received their matabixos, all was in order. But here Antonio Thiaba da Costa, as the husband of Samana, the Queen of Chinchonso, interfered.

Antonio, once the table-boy of a Portuguese, who had taken the trouble to teach him how to read and write, is the son of a

native petty prince of Condi, a district some few miles in the interior behind Massabe. He used his knowledge to push himself forward and to amass "slaves" and "vestiduras," and became the great friend of a prince in Massabe, who eventually died, and left him his wealth. From a washer-man he became a boat-boy, and, at last, an under clerk in the Dutch Trading Company. Here he distinguished himself by keeping the "Company" in constant palavers and questions with the natives; and the Company, instead of turning the scamp out of their employ before he had attained such power, seemed to fear to do so. On the contrary, they kept on backing him up, and helping him forward, vainly imagining that by so doing they would eventually gain supreme power over the district, and make him a sort of dictator to whom all kings should bow down and pay

homage. Thus, in time Antonio married Samana, and, as her husband, really ruled the district, and became the tyrant and barbarian that he is. What the Dutch house spent in pushing this fellow forward, and lost while he was in charge of their stores, is best known to themselves, and after all they have done for him, how disgusted they must indeed feel now that he is acknowledged as their most bitter enemy.

Antonio brought his influence to bear upon Samana, and the princes, telling them that Matchita, the rightful heir to Mambuko, had sold them, and their country to the French. Lieut. Harou spoke French, unfortunately, and the recent questions in Loango, and Ponte de Negro also gave a semblance of truth to Antonio's charge. The princes, and chiefs therefore requested Harou to retire from their country. Harou wisely consented, although, accord-

ing to native law, he had the right to remain in possession of the site legally ceded to him. Knowing the brute we had to deal with, we advised Harou to arrange a meeting with Antonio at his house. This he did. He quite won the hearts of the natives by retiring so quietly from Chinchonso, thus almost proving to them, that he did not wish to take their country from them as the French had done at Loango. All he had now to do, was to get to the weak side of Antonio. He visited him at his house at Mandarillia, and, after a jolly breakfast—during which Antonio brought out, and drank the wines received as presents, and probably bribes, from Harou's enemies, the Portuguese—the latter promised, (after having received many presents), to arrange a site for him at Massabe: thus all was apparently arranged. Not yet. The princes round

about Massabe, having heard of the action of Antonio and the princes at Chinchonso, could not quite understand Antonio's anxiety to establish Harou at Massabe. Therefore they refused to permit him to build, unless Sala Ki Sala, as a trader and old acquaintance of theirs, would go bail for the A.I.A. Consequently, down they came to him, and, though he was laid up with a slight fever, induced him to sign a treaty drawn up by Harou, stating the conditions upon which the latter was to be allowed to build at Massabe. The trader was to go bond for the good behaviour of the A.I.A.'s officers and people. Sala Ki Sala signed it and explained to them that the A.I.A. was a philanthropic association which had come to open out the country, *not to take it from them*, and to protect them in their rights from the unjust Portuguese, and French, who were robbing their country.

Soon the princes of Massabe were feasting upon the exorbitant customs, and presents exacted from the A.I.A., and those of Chinchonso began to scratch their heads, and wonder how they had allowed Antonio to make such fools of them in rejecting so good a white man as Harou appeared, especially after all Matchita's and Sala Ki Sala's advice.

Thus matters prospered with the A.I.A. Captain Grant Elliott had founded his stations in the Quilo, connecting that river with Isangela, and Harou had made his clever and rapid journey from Massabe to Manyanga, supplied by Antonio Thiaba da Costa with interpreters and as many carriers as he chose to take. To prove that these journeys were no easy matter let us refer to the German expedition at Chinchonso. After Dr. Güss-

MANIMACOSSO REMOVES.
(*From a sketch by the Author.*)

feldt had explored part of the Quilo in 1873, had gone thirty miles up the Loango Luz, had made an expedition up the Nyanga river, had reached a point only sixty miles in the interior in 1874, and had planned a further expedition in 1875, he was obliged to return to Europe on account of ill-health, and the forlorn condition of his native bearers brought from Loanda. Thus, an expedition planned to penetrate the interior of the continent from this region, had not been able to accomplish in three years what Harou did in as many months with the help of the country people.

Shortly after this, it was given out that the Portuguese intended founding a mission at Chinchonso, and that the French meant to occupy Landana. The traders, noticing the excitement these reports created among the natives, and

knowing that the unsettled state of affairs meant loss of trade, if not danger to life and property, determined to amalgamate, and, (getting the natives to hand over their territory and rights to them,) protest against any occupation or interference on the part of any foreign power. But, before time had been given them, a Portuguese man-of-war appeared, and the commander, (having commissioned a well-known Portuguese trader to assemble the natives together, and get to the better side of Antonio Thiaba da Costa, who was made much of at this time), issued invitations, an hour or two before the appointed time for the meeting, to the different traders to attend the palaver to which they (the Portuguese) stated the natives had invited them. With the exception of three, all the traders refused the invitation.

No written invitation was given to the commander of H.M.S. *Flirt*, then at anchor off Landana, to "watch and report," (not to protect the weak from being humbugged or to look after the interest of the British trader and trade). But, the commander, accompanied by Sala Ki Sala, bent on paying the good doctor and his charming wife a visit, having to pass the house where the Portuguese officers were all collected on the verandah, felt himself compelled to enter and bid them good-day, lest he should offend their susceptibilities. While there he received an informal invitation to attend, which he refused; although he stated that he might look in upon them, as he would like to see a palaver from a distance. He did watch the natives assemble from a distance, but left them almost as soon as the proceedings had really commenced.

The Portuguese commander jumped at the chance of being able to make mention of the presence of the English commander, and the representative of an important English trading house in the preamble to the treaty. He took great care, however, not to allow the trader to protest against a treaty that he considered illegal, because Landana was south of lat. 5° 12′, and thus within the neutral territory; and unjust, because it had not been properly explained to the natives. Further he added his protest against the misuse of his name after having received the promise of the Portuguese delegado not to mix him up in any way in the affair.

A greater piece of humbug than this treaty of Chimfuma never existed. One Mamwella Bemba, of Tenda, signed for numerous princes of Kacongo, and Antonio

Thiaba da Costa for many of the Loango princes.

The French would have protested had they not imagined that the British man-of-war was present for that purpose.

The Portuguese trader who had assembled the natives was created a Visconte, and his head negro, mafuca of Landana, while Antonio Thiaba da Costa was made captain in the Portuguese army, and sub-delegate of the Portuguese Government in Massabe.

The Portuguese took possession of Landana, although we strangers refused to acknowledge their authority, much to our inconvenience, until after the decision of the Berlin Conference became known.

We heard of a kind of treaty having been made between the King of the Belgians and the French with respect to the future sale of the A.I.A. stations, while the

officers of the Association were fighting their best against French oppression in the Quilo district and elsewhere. Then all was confusion, until those busybodies at Berlin, by what right nobody knows, divided our country, giving France so much because she was strong enough to take it if they refused her, and taking so much from Portugal because she was weak; besides creating a childish and puerile state to undertake the government of a country that it has neither the experience nor the money to carry on.

Thus the trader's day is over, so far as his endeavours to enable an intelligent race to govern themselves is concerned, but his work will live for ever, and he can pride himself on having, through his industry, patience, and pluck lifted up his black brother's country from a state of barbarity and slavery to such a state of ripe-

ness that it has become the envy of those grasping robbers and land-grabbers who have now so ruthlessly snatched the country from its rightful owners.

How many traders have sacrificed their lives in their steady endeavours to open out this country to commerce without hope of reward, is of course of no moment; they being neither missionaries nor travellers. But I think their services demand the greatest consideration from the powers that are set over them to govern these territories, and that our Government, especially, should see that our consular service is regulated so that our interests are not so shamefully neglected *as they hitherto* have been. Is it right, I ask, that a government like the Portuguese should be allowed to set a brute like Thiaba da Costa in authority over us? Short though the time has been that he has held authority, he has given us a proof of

his terrible barbarity, and the gross and wilful blindness of his government. Some prisoners at Chinchonso were sent out to cut firewood for the use of the station, under the guard of an armed sentry. Instead of chopping sticks, however, the prisoners chopped the guard's head off, as he lay asleep under the shade of some tree or other, and made their escape.[1] After some time Antonio secured one of these prisoners, and had him safely conducted to Chiloango. At a Portuguese house on the north bank of the river he shamefully illtreated his prisoner. While crossing the river he amused himself by cutting off the prisoner's fingers, and on his arrival at the south side commenced to saw off his ear, but was prevented by two Dutch traders, who protested to the Portuguese Delagado who was present, against such barbarity being committed in their presence. The prisoner

was removed to the prison in Landana.

An old man named Petra Praia, together with other princes, had been called by Antonio Thiaba da Costa as representative of the Portuguese Government, in the handing over of a factory, and business to a new Portuguese Company. Antonio was a bitter enemy of Petra Praia (minister of marine), and, knowing that crocodiles were considered by the natives as witches, called for his rifle, when he caught a sight of one, saying, "Ah! there goes Petra Praia, seeking whom he may devour," and shot at it three or four times. Petra Praia immediately repudiated the insinuation Antonio had brought forward, and offered to undergo the test of cassia to prove his innocence. "You shall," Antonio cried, and immediately commissioned his brother to see that he,

Petra Praia, did not get out of it. That night Petra Praia died.

Soon after this Antonio began to lose his eyesight, and immediately, so I am told, called the neighbouring princes together and demanded from them the witch who was causing his blindness. Antonio mentioned his name and said that they were to kill him by putting his eyes out with a pair of scissors and afterwards to burn him. By the interposition of some traders this barbarity was averted. Such is the character of this arch traitor whom Portugal delighteth to honour.

A French sergeant, on his way down country, was much horror-struck at noticing the natives busily employed burning a witch, and nobly (but altogether foolishly) endeavoured to release the culprit. He was promptly defeated in his purpose and wounded, and had to retire to a neigh-

bouring and friendly village. The French commander at Loango attempted to avenge this insult to France, but taking too small a force with him for the purpose was entirely beaten. The natives now closed all the trade roads, and the French, instead of carrying the war they had commenced to the end, and inflicting a severe punishment on the natives, craved the assistance of the traders to use their influence with the natives and have their trade roads opened. Finally the French commander paid one or two thousand dollars to the natives of M'buko, who at last opened the roads.

The Congo Free State is amusing itself by sending out circulars, orders, and tariffs, and by pasting up endless notices on a blackboard they have established in Boma; but, as all is written in French, nobody profits much by their labours. I suggest

that they should at least translate the penalties they are determined to inflict upon us, and the natives, into some more business-like language, for very few of us understand French.

CHAPTER VI.

TRADERS—WHITE AND BLACK.

Description of a Factory—Terms of trade—A Native Commission Agent—"Society" on the Coast—Various classes of traders—Morality of traders—Their daily life—Scarcity of billiard-tables—How trade is done.

THE south-west coast of Africa is thinly dotted here and there with traders' stations, called factories. A factory generally consists of a block of buildings constructed, either of rushes neatly sewn together, with roofs of thatch, composed of the dried leaves of the bamboo, or of bamboos, and planks, with roofs of felt or corrugated, galvanized iron. The dwelling-house contains dining-room, two or three sleeping

apartments, and the feteich or shop. The big store for stowing rum and merchandise received from home and the produce collected for shipment home, the oil-shed and palm kernel measuring-room, the kitchen, washhouse, bath-rooms, powder-house, and dispensary complete the factory.

Every place has its peculiar mode of buying trade. In some places such terms as guns and moquitas are used to represent certain values, in others, guns alone; in some, longs or cortados, in others, dollars. In some large credits are given to those who are supposed to be trustworthy native traders, and who go into the bush or interior and either buy trade or procure it for the white man to buy. The native trader prefers generally to act as a commission agent; that is to say, he likes to spend the money you trust him

with in playing the great man and throwing all his credit away in drinks, which he stands to his friends, thus procuring their trade for his white man. He then sells this procured trade to his white man for as much as he can get, not letting his friends know exactly what price he has obtained. Next he pays his friends the price agreed between them and "chops" the remainder; after which he has the cheek to expect the white man to give him a big present or commission and another credit that he may again return to the bush. A trader, therefore, has many things to take into consideration before fixing his price for produce, which depends upon the peculiarities of the trade and position of his factory.

With the exception of an odd missionary or traveller, and one or two doctors, society on the coast is entirely composed

of traders, though of course now we shall have French, Portuguese, and Congo government officials to add to it.

There are five or six classes of traders. These include the trader who, as owner of all his stations, trades direct with Europe; and the trader who, owning a factory, has not sufficient capital to trade direct with Europe, and consequently sells his produce for merchandise or money on the coast.

The *agent* representing one of the large companies.

The *sub-agent*, director of a district under the supervision of the agent.

The *trader* in charge of a factory in such a district and his *assistant trader.*

The life of the trader is generally understood to be as free as it is immoral. This is a great mistake, for he is by no means free, and certainly his life is not so immoral as that led by young England

MANIMACOSSO ARRIVES AT THE BUSH.
(*From a sketch by the Author.*)

at home. Many, it is true, not being allowed by their Principals to take out wives, marry black women according to the native law, which conveniently allows them to put their wives away at any time if they do not behave themselves. The trader, who cannot take out his wife, the choice of leading a moral life thus not being given to him, oftentimes chooses that which he thinks the least immoral, and, compromising his dignity, marries a negress. On the other hand, he has to be extremely careful in his actions, so as always to be able to hold his superiority to the negro in matters of truth, justice, patience, and general behaviour, and on no account to allow a native the chance of proving him guilty of any offence unworthy the bearing of a white man.

As a rule he is busy from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., and after dinner, which he takes about 7 p.m., passes the rest of his time

in either reading or writing. I think there are three billiard-boards, some sixty or eighty miles apart, on the south-west coast, between Gaboon and Boma, and these are the only amusement he possesses. Having no games of any sort, save an occasional game of cards; no music, except at the missions or when some one happens to play the banjo, zither, or other instrument in his possession; no theatres, no dances, no ladies,—the trader passes his time as best he can.

A native will come to the white trader, and say, "Massa, me live for go for him bush." "All right, Swarmi, I wish you good luck." Swarmi retires and seeks the white man's head man, asking him to explain to the white man that he wishes to go to the bush to procure trade for him. If the head man knows him to be a scamp, he will tell him to go about his business, unless he is

afraid of some evil happening to him if he does not help Swarmi, or if he is indebted to some relation of his. In that case the head man will bring him to his master, and tell him that Swarmi is a trustworthy man, and wishes the white man to give him a "dispatch," so that he may go to the bush to fetch him plenty of trade.

"Wait a bit," says the white man, and Swarmi goes away again for another half-hour, and in the meantime the head man will come and tell his white man that "dem Swarmi, he be no fit now." Then the white man meets Swarmi, as if by accident, and tells him that he is sorry that he cannot trust him, but that his nose is not the right shape, or his leg is crooked, or his skin is too black, any excuse will do so long as the trader does not let Swarmi know that the head man has told his true character.

But if, on the other hand, Swarmi is respectable, the trader will probably ask him what he wants to take with him to the bush.

"Oh! 20 demijohns, 20 bundles of fish, 20 sacks salt, 20 guns, 20 barrels powder, 20 plates, 20 spoons, 20 mugs, 20 brass rods, 20 padlocks, and 200 longs cloth."

"Is that all, Swarmi?"

"Tink so, massa."

"All right, wait a bit."

Swarmi now has to pass an hour or two without getting a chance of fairly tackling the white man, who avoids him as much as possible. At the end of this period the trader accosts Swarmi, as if he had never seen him.

"Well, Swarmi, what is it you want?'

"Dispatch, massa."

"Yes; how much?"

"Ten, ten, massa.'

"Well, I'll give you one, one."

"No fit, massa."

"Very well, clear out."

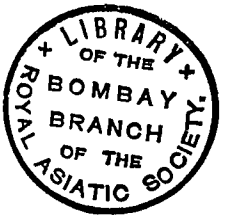
But Swarmi does not clear out, and perhaps after two days' persistent begging the trader eventually dispatches him. Swarmi then gets into his canoe, (for however drunk a negro is he always can get into a canoe,) and begins belabouring his niggers, brothers, or relatives, for no apparent purpose. Finally, all being arranged, cargo stowed, and paddles ready, the canoe is shoved out into mid-stream; but Swarmi stops his friends to tell them that they have forgotten to unfurl their flags. Now, with flags flying, the canoe is once more propelled forward, and no sooner do the paddles touch the water than all commence to sing; Swarmi joins in, and getting lively, leaves his position in the stern, where he had been steering the canoe,

rushes forward, picks up his gun and fires it into the air, turns the canoe round, and comes back again to the factory. These antics he repeats three or four times, and at last disappears round the turning in the river, and for two or three months is seen no more. He will travel day and night at the rate, perhaps, of fifteen miles a day, until at last he has reached a spot up the river as near as possible to the villages of his friends the bushmen, who own the produce he is anxious to secure.

His friends, perhaps, are expecting him, and a right good welcome they will give him. He then sets about buying or procuring the trade which his friends have ready; here, perhaps, he will bargain for a canoe full of oil, there a hole of kernels, and so on, until his rum and goods are finished: he will then set about making matets (or baskets made by plait-

ing the leaves of a branch of the palm-tree together), place his oil and kernels therein, and then set about arranging carriers to take the produce thus collected to the place where he left his canoe. Gradually he fills the canoe, and then, dirty and careworn, he returns to the trader. Having arrived, the first thing he does is to show himself to the white man, and point out to him the dirty state of his clothes and person by way of impressing him with the hard time he has had of it. Then he asks him, for the sake of heaven, to give him a new cloth and a wee bit of soap. The trader gives this to him if he sees the trade Swarmi has brought will cover it. Then Swarmi, having washed, wants his drink and rations, which the trader gives in proportion to the quantity of trade he has for sale. After as much bother, as it is possible for a native

to give a white man, has been put up with, the trader gets savage, and insists on Swarmi measuring his trade: this done, the trader gives him a cheque for the value. Swarmi then goes to the shop, and takes what he requires as payment for his friends, reserving his own part and the present or commission the trader may give him for another day. Should Swarmi require another dispatch, the trader will probably give him one in proportion to the trade sold.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CHAPTER VII.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FJORT.

First impressions of the natives—Difficulty of understanding their strange customs and ways—Matchita tells his own story—Childhood and youth—Betting customs—Curious methods of discovering a thief—Killed for imprisoning a washerman—Native marriage customs—An accusation of witchcraft—A witch poisoned, stabbed, and burnt—Native disputes about land—Funeral customs, and pomp of a native funeral—Curious custom in connection with the killing of a leopard.

LET Matchita, a native prince, describe his customs and habits to you briefly. He is an African, and will tell you that though "he look dem God plenty, he no find Him yet anyhow; fashion for white man no be fashion for black man; white

man he be all same God, white man he die, God he no die, dats all. Massa he call me d—d nigger, but he speak too much, me no be nigger, me be son for prince and me live for tell you all dem fashion for black man, he sabby tief too much, he drink too much, he hab plenty witch."

Such is the information concerning native ideas that you are likely to gather from any native during the first few months of your sojourn in his country: his cringing, or should I say obliging nature is too ready to satisfy all your inquiries; he is ready to call himself thief, drunkard, or anything else that is vile, if by so doing he may please the white man whom he considers all powerful and rich, and whom he makes his study. Is the white man a trader he will talk to him of trade; a missionary, he will speak of God; a soldier,

of war; and so on. Thus, except by patient observance through long residence in their country, it is impossible for a white man to give any satisfactory account of their strange ways, and even then, for one unaccustomed as I am to writing, it is difficult to impart that knowledge to others. Perhaps if we try to recount the probable life of a native from his babyhood, or suppose him to be giving us some account of himself, we may learn something about him.

MATCHITA'S STORY.

I was earning my living by cleaning the knives and forks, and plates and spoons, in fact by being general fag to Mr. S——, having entered that gentleman's employ at the same time as Antonio Thiaba da Costa, a boy a little younger than myself, whose father (a capitre or

prince of an inland town, and a relation of my mother's,) had brought him down with his trade and handed him over to my master, who was to teach him sense, or in other words to educate him. I being the grand nephew of old Mambuko, second cousin of the reigning Mambuko of Chinchonso, and heir apparent, and older than Antonio, was considered in every way his superior and elder.

I shall never forget what fun we used to have as children together, and the trouble we gave both the white man and the steward, nearly driving them both mad. Antonio was a bonny-looking lad, and he soon picked up the white man's tongue, and so became a favourite and left me far behind. The white man taught him to read and write a little, and as Antonio was full of ambition he made the utmost use of his little knowledge and ingratiated

himself with a certain powerful prince, who became his protector. I never then imagined that Antonio would become my bitterest enemy, although I could not forgive him for having shot ahead of me, his elder, and he could not forget that I was his superior in birth and age.

One day our master got up in a terrible rage; he had been suffering from fevers and other coast diseases for the last six months off and on, which had not improved his temper. He blew everybody up, and after having thrashed and bumped most of his servants, he finally vented his spleen upon his steward, whom he chicotted.

"What's all this for?" asked the steward.

"You know, you black thief."

"Thief! you call me a thief?"

"Yes;" and here our master repeated the thrashing.

The steward rushed out of the dining-room howling, called both Antonio and myself beastly thieves, and administered justice or palmatory upon us at once. I objected to being called a thief, so the steward challenged me to pass the ordeal of the hot knife to prove my innocence. I agreed to do so, and he left me in peace.

I now set to work to gather together all my possessions that I might make a bet with the steward worthy of the occasion. I had many small but valuable articles, which I knew it would take the steward all his time to match; for it is our custom when we make a bet to stake our little all, and as, before the ordeal can be gone through, the bets on both sides have to equal one another, it was my object to procure some article that the steward could not match, as he would

then have to place down its equivalent in money or goods, its value being stated by myself.

Having once accused me, the steward could not back out of his bet without losing the palaver, and thus becoming subject to endless bullying from all my powerful relations, until eventually he would have become their slave, while if he went on with the question he felt certain that, as he could not make his bet equal in value to mine, he would, in the event of my proving my innocence, and thus winning my bet, become my dependent or "vestidura."

The head man having suffered also from the consequences of my master's wrath was flying about the yard like a madman, swearing at every one he met. Our master proceeded to the kitchen and made the cook count all his pots and utensils, but finding the number correct could only give him a

thrashing for not keeping them cleaner. Then, passing on to the sheep-pen, pig-sties and fowl-house, he appeared delighted to find one sheep, a lot of pigs, and two or three fowls missing. Jack fowl (the herd or fowl-keeper) had quite a gay time of it for the rest of the day, and having let out that he thought the town people were given to stealing, his master determined to prove the truth, and therefore sent to call the surgeon, who was to bring the feteich M'bialli Mundembi along with him. The ambassador, with the gallon of rum and one bottle of gin for the surgeon or nganga, and one long or six yards of blue baft and one gallon of rum for the feteich M'bialli Mundembi, having been formally despatched, we all knew what to expect, and began to examine our inner selves if peradventure we were mixed up in any way. That night two factory servants took to their heels.

MANIMACOSSO RETURNS WITH HIS TRADE.
(*From a sketch by the Author.*)

The next morning our master had become himself again, and I think seemed sorry that he had gone to such extremities. However, the surgeon or nganga appeared soon after daybreak, and after having received his drink retired to a sequestered spot and commenced divining. His boy of course arranged all preliminaries, such as sweeping the ground and placing the drink near at hand. The nganga then sat him down upon his mat, and having described the chequered figure before him with his finger, placed his little sticks in position and then commenced to rub the palm of one hand against that of the other: after this he changed the position of the little pieces of sticks, then rubbed his hands together again, until at last his hands refused to meet, but *would* cross one another, the palm of the one hand objecting to kiss the palm of the other. The nganga smiled

and serenely helped himself to a drink. He then resorted to another means of discovering the culprit. In each hand he held a wisp of straw, which he placed on the ground so that the extremities, furthest from the ends he held, might touch, and overlap one another. A small boy then placed himself across the straw; the surgeon next tried to lift the boy from the ground, but no, each hand brought the wisp from under the boy; again and again he tried. At last, on trying once more, up came the boy, the straw forming a kind of belt around his body. After one more complacent draught he went up to where our master was sitting, and told him that if he would be good enough to pay him he would tell him the names of the culprits. The master paid him, and the nganga then told him that there were three implicated in the theft, and mentioned the two who had

run away, and one who had determined to brave it out by staying in the factory. Our master now called M'bialli Mundembi, and dared the last named culprit to eat mandioco out of his mouth. The servant did not dare to do so, and prayed and beseeched his master to forgive him, confessing all. His owner, for he was a slave, had to arrest the other two thieves, and all three, according to law, became my master's slaves.

Now came my turn: the nganga had already commenced heating his terrible knife, and soon the house servants were to undergo this never-failing ordeal.

The knife was now almost white hot, and the steward was called to hold out his leg; this he did at once, and then the surgeon three times slowly passed the knife up and down, along the calf of his leg. The steward did not flinch, being confident of his inno-

cence. Then came my turn, then Antonio's, and I noticed that he appeared rather nervous and seemed to shudder as the scorching blade passed up and down his leg. The next morning Antonio had a blister on his calf, and was immediately taken to our master, who chastised him severely, though as I afterwards heard him say, when relating all, to his friends at table, that he was sure he did not know what the lad had stolen—a few lumps of sugar, he supposed, or something of the sort. The steward became my dependent or vestidura. Thus, with such experiences, my early youth passed, and many healthy lessons was I taught that I have not even yet forgotten. My poor old master was eventually killed by the natives.

He had "tied up" a "jack-wash," or washerman of his, whom he had discovered stealing, and had sent word to his relations

and the princes of a neighbouring town. The whole town seemed delighted at the prospect of a palaver with my master, whom they detested for having ill-treated some of them. Down came the princes to the factory, a noisy crowd at their heels, but were met on the road by my master's head man, who insisted on the rabble staying outside his fence, the princes only being allowed to advance to settle the palaver. This was agreed to, and the princes marched forward and majestically bid my master "good day," took their chairs, received their drink, and awaited the head man to open the palaver. Instructed by my master, he did so. He told them how such and such articles were missing, that they had been handed over to the washerman and that he had not returned them, and, in consequence, was put in chains until he or his relatives chose to pay for

the missing articles. The princes, according to the usual formula, declared the white man to be just and right, but blamed him for taking the law into his own hands, by not having first sent an ambassador to them, acquainting them with the theft, etc., and asked him to release the prisoner. He refused to do so, and the mob outside, hearing of his decision, moved forward. My master, boiling over with rage at their attempt to come into his factory, called for his guns, handed one to his patrão or boatman, who was near at hand, and marched to meet the crowd. Now Sambo, the boatman, was related to the washerman, and did not like my master, though my master thought him a most devoted servant, so, hardly had he advanced ten paces, when Sambo shot my master from behind. With his dying breath the white man ordered his slaves to kill the Jack-wash, and his

orders were promptly executed. Then followed riot and confusion, and all my master's property was destroyed. The white men not having as yet taken their revenge, the event cannot be forgotten.

I had now acquired the knowledge of the white man and his ways necessary to become a trader, and my father or others took me for a few years with them when they went to the bush to procure trade, so that I might in time secure friends in the bush, and eventually become a trader myself.

My brother had been taken away by my uncle to be initiated into the offices of "nganga," and was taught a different and particular language, which no one but the ngangas were allowed ever to learn. He could not, and never would, speak the white man's tongue well, not having been apprenticed to one of them, and thus would never be able to hold any position

in his service, if, indeed, his duties ever allowed him to do so.

One of my sisters had been selected as the wife of a neighbouring prince, and was therefore being well looked after. As soon as she arrived at the age of puberty she would be placed in the "paint house," painted red, and undergo a certain operation and special treatment, after which the prince, on making a certain payment to my parents, would marry her. My other sister, not having been bespoken, would undergo the same treatment in the "paint house," after which the women would conduct her to the different towns round about, when any eligible young or old man might, on a certain payment, try her, and, not caring for her, pass her on to his neighbour or other, who would pay her and keep her in return for her services as his mistress and domestic.

It was before I had been circumcised that my brother Tembo died.

I remember being attracted by screams from my mother.

"Mamè, oh, mamè, tati, oh, tati" (mother, mother, father, father), "he has called me a witch," shrieked my mother. "Oh, my brother, did you hear him? did you hear him, oh Macosso? my husband has called me a witch, a witch! a witch! oh, Macthita, my son, did you hear him, your father, call me a witch?"

"Yes, mother," I said, "poor Tembo is dead, Swarmi and Pango have gone before."

"Yes," said my father, "Swarmi and Pango died long ago, and little did I think at the time that you had bewitched them. Luemba, my brother, whom I suspected, took cassia, but vomited; my cousin did the same, and you know how much I spent in the vain attempt to discover the '

witch. Not satisfied with killing two, you must now deprive me of my third son, Tembo; begone, you witch! begone! lest I lose my last born Matchita."

"I a witch! I, Cammasi, the daughter of Manibachi, a witch?" and my mother threw herself upon the ground, tore her hair and beat her breasts, and I believe would have killed herself there and then, had not my uncle sorrowfully taken her away to her father's home. The report spread that Cammasi had bewitched Tembo, and whenever my mother went outside her house she was avoided by men, women, and children. In such an extremity there was no help for her; and as she herself determined to take cassia, all preliminaries were arranged. At this time, although I loved my mother and naturally clung to her in her distress, I no sooner understood her to be a witch than I shrunk from her

in fear and trembling. I liken my love to that of a puppy to its mother, the master beats the mother, and the puppy, not feeling the lash but expecting it, crouches down at his feet and licks his master's hand. Thus, though I loved my mother, once I heard her called a witch I was cowed and by instinct flew to my father for protection. The innate fear of being myself considered a witch tore me from my loving mother.

How well I remember my father calling in the surgeon the night of Tembo's death to divine who had bewitched him!

There lay my dead brother just as he had died. The moon was shining brightly through the grove of palm-trees that lifted their lofty and graceful branches above our little town; each tree, each hut, every gliding figure cast its long shadow in the same direction; the same uniform

glimmer pervaded all: the stillness of death reigned in Tembo's shimbec. Suddenly the howls of grief, the shouts of rage, the wailings of utter despair, the whining and barking of countless dogs rent the air, and the whole village, as one man, awoke and joined the fanatic family circle. The fear of unutterable and to them unintelligible death reigned supreme. The nganga soon had all that was necessary on the spot—his nkiss, gilly-gillies, his charms, paints, herbs, dye, and mats, and there he remained for two whole days and nights guessing. He finally decided that my mother was the witch whose evil spirit had killed Tembo.

Tembo and mother had often quarrelled. All these petty squabbles were now remembered by my father, and he heartily agreed with the "nganga." Bursting forth into song, he related all that he remembered,

accompanied by the nganga on the tum-a-tum, and encouraged by the enraged crowd, who clapped their hands in perfect time, and occasionally, as father's narrative flagged, sang a chorus, repeating some incident already chanted.

Imagine my mother's feelings, knowing herself innocent, and yet half convinced of her guilt, as she fearfully looked back upon some of her too well remembered quarrels ! Horror-struck at Tembo's death, she quite realized her terrible position. Still, when my father publicly called her a witch, all her royal blood boiled with indignation and she shrieked her protest.

But in the quiet of her own home she communed with herself, and the more she thought over her difficulties with Tembo, the more she dreaded the fearful ordeal. My mother, after three days' dreary fasting was declared ready to take cassia.

The nganga who was to administer the cassia was one that had been summoned from a town far distant, so that it might be supposed he was quite impartial and would deal fairly with all parties.

We took her to a little spot where I had witnessed many a dance, a few hundred yards away from the village, and sat her down on a mat beneath the shadow of a mighty baobab-tree. How dreadful all appeared by night. There, close to the tree, humbly knelt my mother. The surgeon, with his horrid mask, ladled the noxious powder with a wooden spoon into her mouth with one hand, while in the other he held a bottle of water, which he gave her to wash it down her throat. The hideous mancaca, or executioner, with his robes stretched out behind him, stood pointing to the feteich, before which my mother knelt, sword in hand. Hush, she has swallowed the cassia. Why

does not her stomach reject it? Why can she not vomit? Three dreadful hours pass while we, her relations, in horrible suspense, watch the effect, the terrible effect we hourly expect the accursed bark may have. At length it comes. She writhes, she screams, and the too horrible result is visible to all. No sooner seen, than the unearthly mancaca unmercifully slays my mother, and the rabble with one accord fall upon the witch with sticks and knives. Then they draw her body round the village, and burn her late dwelling, and then leave the corpse to rot, her bones to bleach and lie unburied, a ghastly warning to all witches.

Thus died my mother. My youth passed quickly away, employed as I was by my father to go into the bush for him, to fetch his trade and sell it. My father seemed ever to be holding palavers, here, there,

and everywhere; many on his own account, owing to the innumerable questions that had arisen, consequent to mother's having had to take cassia; and many as a witness in those of others, or as one of the elders of the village and prince of the land. In this way, being a shrewd man, he amassed great wealth, more especially in slaves and dependents or vestiduras.

Having been well served by the woman who had kept my shimbec for me during the best part of a year, I resolved that as soon as I could afford it, I would present her parents with forty or fifty dollars, and ask them to allow us to marry. It took me four or five months' hard work, and much travelling, to accumulate the sum, but at last I had the satisfaction of not only satisfying her parents, but of being able to celebrate the event by giving a dance, to

which I was able to invite many of the neighbouring towns.

So long as I remained unmarried, the woman could never settle down to planting. Now, however, I left instructions with her that she should purchase a piece of ground and set to work. As an unmarried woman, gaining so much a month for her services, she could have left me at a moment's notice, whereas, now, her relatives would have to return me all I had given them, and a nigger or two on top, as an equivalent for the expenses I had been put to in keeping her in dress, etc., and in connection with the marriage. I therefore felt more as if I had a home worth caring for, and also had the satisfaction of knowing that my children would not be "libraforas," but legitimate heirs of my body.

Forced to go so often to the bush to look after my business, I was not at home when

my wife brought forth my first born. Knowing, however, that there was no more difficulty or danger about the process than any other common event in the true course of nature,—I was not anxious, and did not hear of it until my return.

Some of my enemies had been at work, and had been giving my wife great trouble about the boundaries of the land I had commissioned her to buy. The real owner of the ground, a prince who had inherited the land from his uncle, and whose family had had possession of the place for centuries, was not a popular prince among his own people, though a great friend of mine, and in every way a worthy one. He was not in town when my wife purchased the ground, but in the bush: he, however, had left the management of his affairs in the hands of his brother. This brother therefore, together with the princes who, as supreme

rulers, though not absolute owners of the ground, had to receive a certain sum on the sale of land, was called down by my wife. She explained her reason for wishing for the ground, and after treating the princes in the usual way, made the prince a present, (his share of the payment,) reserving the payment to the real owner of the ground until he should return from the bush. The prince, after he had consulted my friend's brother, accepted his share and the brother answered for the acceptance of his share by the real owner on his return—the ground, therefore, was legally ours. But some one, now that we had secured the ground, thought that he required it, and bamboozled the chief prince so that he assented to deny our right to it, and stated that he had never received his share of the payment. He did this, knowing that the witnesses my

wife had asked to be present when she bought the ground were now absent in the bush. The owner of the ground returned from the bush and received his part of the payment, having been told that the supreme prince had received his share.

The supreme prince, taking advantage of my absence, bothered my wife very much.

The prince and owner of the ground, (our friend), had many quarrels with the supreme prince, and the question gathered force as it went along, until both prepared for war. The supreme prince looked upon this as rebellion on the part of our friend, and received, on asking for it, the help of the King, or rather Queen of Chinchonso, the wife now of Antonio Thiaba da Costa.

Antonio was only too glad to have the chance of setting upon me, and advised Samana, his queen, to have my friend and

owner of the land tied up, as they stated that the ground sold to my wife contained a feteich tree, and was therefore common property. Antonio also had just tied up an uncle of mine, wishing to poison him, thinking that by so doing he would damage my prospects of succession to Mambuko of Chinchonzo, who was now dying, and I had great difficulty in forcing him to release my uncle, which he only did on my threatening to tie up any of his people passing my way, and promising him that my uncle should take cassia, in the usual way, if necessary.

To save my friend from being tied up, I had for a short time to give up the ground rightfully purchased by my wife, well knowing, however, that as soon as my witnesses returned, and a proper palaver was called together, a decision would be given in my favour, and the ground declared mine.

This question gave me trouble for over eighteen months. At last I got the supreme chief to admit that he had received his share, and by giving him a small present saved myself the expense of a palaver, and took possession of the ground, immediately ordering a carpenter to cut down the feteich tree. This was done so quickly that it took the people's breath away, and as they could not replace the tree, they left me in peace. Numberless questions, however, arose out of this one, which will keep many of my enemies employed for many years.

Tired of going backwards and forwards to the bush, I became settled down as headman in an English factory, and gave my attention more to politics, and the collection and management of my slaves and dependents, many of whom, as traders, had now become wealthy men, and

never failed to pay me my share of the profits, as their elder, chief, or master.

A sad affliction now overtook me, my first wife had by some tremendous neglect allowed my first-born to be burnt so severely that he died, and consequently she suffered the full penalty of the law, and was executed.

Jimpaulo's uncle having died, he was the proper heir to Mambuco's cap, but as he was considered too young to undertake the responsibilities of office, I was the next direct heir through the female branch, and all the country round about came to condole with me as his heir apparent. The expense in entertaining so many hundreds of mourners nearly ruined me, and I had once more to go to the bush and make my dependents trade hard, so that I might get money enough to bury him as his station and position

demanded; and to be able worthily to undertake the responsibilities, duties, and expenses that would fall upon me as his successor. And further I had to spend large sums in counteracting the plots hatched by Antonio in his attempts to deprive me of my birthright.

All things, however, progressed favourably, and Antonio at last had to admit my right to Mambuko's hat, and retire from the strife.

Thousands had been invited to my uncle's funeral, and as each tribe or family made its appearance, bringing some trifling offering, it had to be entertained.

Four years had passed since my uncle Jimpaulo's death, during which time he had remained unburied in a shimbec I had built for him, wrapped in yards and yards of cloth, and surrounded by all he had treasured most while alive. Such treasures as relics

MANIMACOSSO MEASURES HIS TRADE.
(From a sketch by the Author.)

the old missionaries had left behind them when Africa was first visited by them, presents from various travellers, old slavers and traders, and pictures out of the *Graphic*, or some other illustrated paper. His body was watched by his wives, none of whom could marry again until after his burial. His coffin, or rather burial-car, took me two years to build, and measured fifteen feet by four feet broad, and ten feet in height, with a verandah two feet wide running round it. It was covered with red save list, ornamented with broad black braid, down the centre of which ran thin white braid, attached to the save list by brass-headed nails. On the top stood a stuffed leopard, the sign of royalty; and an open umbrella, fixed exactly in the centre, shaded my uncle's head, which, wrapped in cloth, protruded from a hole left in the coffin for that purpose; certain other orna-

ments, such as jugs, ewers, wash-basins, duck and hen boxes, were also placed on the top. Flags were fastened to the four corner verandah posts. The whole coffin rested on eight wheels of solid wood.

When thousands had assembled, it being about noon, I attached the long grass ropes to the coffin so that all might help to haul it along, and having formed the procession gave the signal to start. Then all, bursting into song, dragged the huge car along, over boulders, stones, stumps of trees, and small shrubs, as if it weighed nothing, so many willing hands were there. I ran wildly about in my excitement, encouraging the guard who, flintlocks in hand, walked by the side of the car, or the six wives as they marched in line, each under the shade of a gorgeous umbrella, or the ten trumpeters blowing their ivories, or the mafuca who

now in silence carried my uncle's cap and chimpabba (or knife of office), or the bearers of my late uncle's hammock, or else mingling with the now maddened throng that pulled the car along, commencing new songs for them as perhaps their ardour flagged or they tired of the old one. Thus excited we at last arrived at the spot where a huge hole had been dug large enough to contain the whole car.

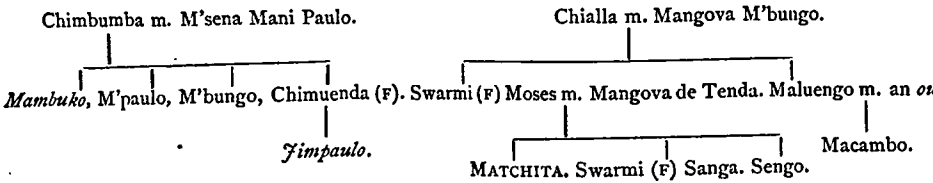
Many old men now came forward to sing the praises of the departed, express themselves satisfied that all had been done that my uncle might rest in peace, and give their ideas as to the succession to my uncle's hat. Suddenly hundreds of willing hands lower the car to its last resting-place, after having first taken away the ornaments that bedecked its top, and soon the big coffin is covered with earth, and the ornaments placed on the grave. Then

my relations crown me and place a wreath of grasses around my shoulders and lead me back to town in triumph, dancing and singing from that hour until the next day, when they take me round to all the towns about and proclaim me M'buko.

We were obliged to hurry back to town, however, as notice was brought to us that some one had killed a leopard. The custom is that when a leopard is killed, the people of the different towns in that district can loot each other's towns to their heart's content, and on the day fixed for the delivery of the leopard to the king, the destroyer of the animal can take it through any of the towns he chooses, having the right to appropriate any article he may meet on his road that is not inside a shimbec or other dwelling.

PEDIGREE OF PRINCE MAMBUKO.

MAMBUKO HAS TWO SISTERS.


Chimbumba m. M'sena Mani Paulo.
Mambuko, M'paulo, M'bungo, Chimuenda (F).
Jimpaulo.
Chialla m. Mangova M'bungo.
Swarmi (F) Moses m. Mangova de Tenda.
Maluengo m. an outsider.
Macambo.
MATCHITA. Swarmi (F) Sanga. Sengo.

Jimpaulo is the rightful heir to the kingdom of Mambuko, but is too young.

So Matchita, the next direct heir of the old Mambuko, through the second sister, is chosen to represent the line, the next heir being Jimpaulo, who, failing a nephew, will be succeeded by the eldest son of Swarmi Sanga.

CHAPTER VIII.

SLAVERY IN AFRICA.

Slavery as it was, and as it is—General Gordon—The Slave trade in the Soudan, in Abyssinia, Morocco, Madagascar, and on the South-West coast of Africa —Portugal and the Slave trade.

SLAVERY has existed in Africa from time immemorial, but so long as the slave was not bought for the foreign market there can be no doubt that his lot was more or less a happy one. The more slaves a prince owned the more powerful and rich was he considered, so that it was not to his interest to lessen their number if possible. At times, no doubt, a slave had to be sacrificed either to save his master's

life, or to pay some fine inflicted upon him by his laws. His enemy, however, would naturally prefer that his power should be increased by the transfer of a slave than that his wrath should be appeased by his death. Thus, the death of a slave to save the life of his master would only occur when superstition actually required it. Born a slave, he knows no other position. It is all the same to him whoever owns him as long as he is provided with the necessaries of life. So long as slavery in this form existed, it merely constituted part of the social order of the country, and we may conclude was more or less free from many of the abuses we are accustomed to attach to it.

It cannot be doubted that a slave's ideas when sold or transferred to one of his own, in his own country, were widely different to those he entertained when being sold to a

white man. On the one hand, his situation and the customs of his country soon reconciled him to the change. On the other, he imagined that the white man wished to devour him for food, or to offer him as a sacrifice to his God.

The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society has received frequent and undoubted evidence of the increase of the slave trade in Central and Eastern Africa.

The death of General Gordon and the relapse of the Soudan into worse than its former barbarism, has left the field open to the enterprising and remorseless Arab slave-hunter, whilst a diminution in the force of the preventive squadrons in the Red Sea and on the East Coast renders it comparatively easy to run cargoes of slaves to Arabia and to the islands in the Indian Ocean.

The claims made by Germany to exercise

sovereign rights in Africa, at the instance of trading companies, or for other reasons, have resulted in a policy which tends to weaken the hold of the Sultan of Zanzibar over large districts on the mainland.

This enables slave-traders to defy the authority of the Sultan and to carry on their nefarious traffic in human beings with comparative impunity.

Mr. Stanley, in his interesting work on the Congo, describes the gigantic scale upon which Tippu Tib, an Arab trader, hailing from Zanzibar, and well known to Dr. Livingstone in former years, now carries on his system of slave raids. Since the death of King M'tesa, it is probably safe to assert that this chieftain is now the most powerful ruler of Central Africa, his armies being composed of captured slaves, who, after the manner of these people,

appear only too ready to reduce other tribes to slavery.

The following extracts from letters from a correspondent in Abyssinia, lately received by the Anti-Slavery Society, give a graphic picture of the slave trade in that part of Africa, and are valuable as being the latest intelligence from the country bordering on the Soudan:—

"

THE SLAVE TRADE IN ABYSSINIA.

"The interior of East Africa may be considered even now as the head-quarters of slavery and the slave trade, both having reached such an organized footing there, as is not to be found elsewhere. The slave-trader seeks less the negroes remarkable for their physical strength than those who are good-looking and intelligent, for which reason his attention is directed to the nobler and finer races. These are

chiefly found to the south or south-west of Abyssinia, and are not particularly addicted to work, in proof of which, it frequently happens that the liberty-loving Galla will rather kill himself, when he finds no escape from slavery, than allow himself to be bound to work as a slave. For this reason suicide is common among them. The slave-traders, who want slaves for hard work, fetch them from the White Nile, to the westward.

"The slave traffic in the neighbourhood of the east coast and the interior is consequently confined only to children from six to fifteen years of age, chiefly pretty young girls, and also boys, the latter mostly destined to become eunuchs for Mahommedan harems. The slave-traders call them 'Wossief,' or superfine goods. One pictures to oneself the sufferings of those deplorable victims of human avarice and

sensuality. From Kaffa and the kingdom of Djema, the caravans travel through the cool table-lands of the Gallas, and the country of the Guraques to Shoa. Worn out by the hardships of the journey, the naked forms cower shivering from their exposure to cold, wind, and weather. If a short and restless sleep permits them for a moment to forget their misery, it is soon broken by the driver's voice calling them to resume their weary tramp. Woe betide the laggards! The pernicious influences of the climate on one hand, and the unfeeling severity of the drivers on the other, increase the tortures of the poor creatures *ad infinitum*. For this reason the lot of those who are soon sold in the country is always more tolerable, insomuch as they are spared the further hardships of the journey. The chief places of export are the kingdom of Kaffa, Gambatta, Djema,

all which pay tribute to the Southern kingdom of Shoa, besides many smaller free countries such as the Guraques, Maragos, Dschassas, etc., and the many large and small Galla tribes far towards the south beyond Kaffa.

"The kings of Abyssinia have been repeatedly urged to prohibit slave-trading. Their promises to that effect have not been fulfilled. What at first was officially forbidden has been secretly deferred, until later on the traffic has been carried on more openly than ever. As stated, the majority of the countries mentioned are under Abyssinian control, and the traffic passes from them through Abyssinian territory, where, in the neighbourhood of Ankobar, the oldest chief town of Shoa, a tax of one thaler, or four marks, is levied.

"In Djema, Kaffa, etc., the slaves are

bartered for copper wares and salt, and a female slave who can be had there at from six to seven marks, is worth four to five times as much more in Shoa. In Shoa itself there are several slave stations, that is, places where slaves in large numbers are bought to be re-sold later.

"One can well imagine that in consequence of the triumphant success of the rebels in the Soudan, every Mahommedan finds himself in an excited, insolent, and fanatical frame of mind, and this will go on increasing if a timely check is not given to their doings. I do not believe that in these regions the slave trade has ever ceased. Officially forbidden it may be, but it has been carried on secretly between the above-named place in Abyssinia and the coast.

"The Society has received information that further down the East Coast the

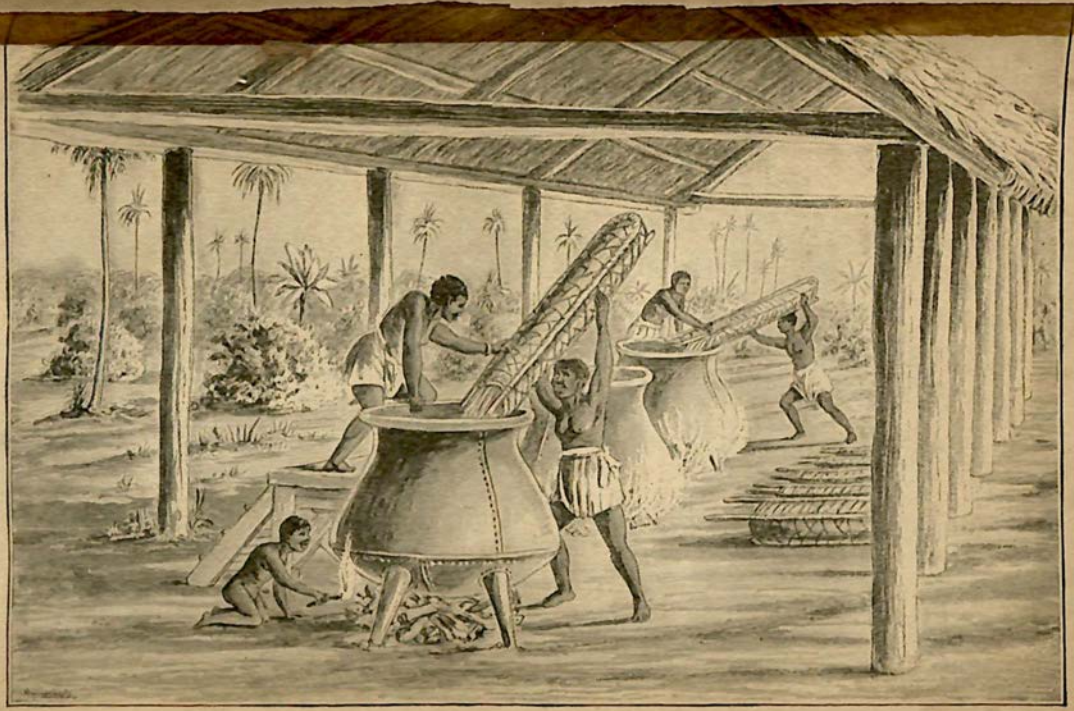
import of slaves into Zanzibar itself is now very large and would seem to be increasing. The present clove season is one of great promise in the adjoining island of Pemba, and slaves being comparatively cheap, in part owing to the late dreadful famine, the demand for slave labour will be easily met. This reported increase in the slave trade is no doubt partly due to the absence of her Majesty's Consul-General, Sir John Kirk, now in England on special business. The increase is also supposed to be due to the withdrawal of the British war-ship, the *London*, from Zanzibar waters.

"A renewed demand for African labour has, of late, sprung up in the sugar islands owned by France in the Indian Ocean—a demand intensified by the refusal of England to allow Indian coolies to be imported into French colonies. The evidence of Consul O'Neill of Mozambique,

published in the Blue Books, and the reports sent by missionaries to the Anti-Slavery Society, prove that an enormous slave trade is now carried on in the countries bordering on Lake Nyassa. Caravans of slaves, several thousands strong, have been repeatedly traced to the Mozambique coast, whence they are shipped in small detachments, either to neighbouring islands or to Arabia.

"A naval officer lately engaged in Zanzibar waters, states that the traffic in slaves is now as lively as it has ever been during the past seven years.

"Another naval officer lately reported that he had captured, near the island of Pemba, a dhow of *eleven tons measurement* which had started on its voyage with 100 slaves on board! Encountering bad weather, the captain threw overboard thirteen slaves, alive and well, in order to



MANIMACOSSO MEASURES HIS PALM OIL.

make room for bailing and to lighten the ship.

"MOROCCO.

"The attention of the Anti-Slavery Society has lately been directed to Morocco, in which country there is a large and increasing slave trade. The supplies for the Morocco market are mostly obtained from Timbuctoo and the central Soudan, at a considerable cost of human life. Two large annual fairs are held on the Southern borders of the empire, where men, women and children are sold like herds of cattle."

MADAGASCAR.

The following intelligence, conveyed in a letter to the editor of the *Madagascar Times*, of July 24th, confirms the foregoing statement as to the increase of the slave

trade on the East Coast of Africa. Writing from South West Madagascar, the correspondent states:—"On this coast we see to-day the commercial houses of Reunion buying slaves and shipping them by the dozen for Reunion. Thus the great French Republic, professing to be the lover of liberty, allows its subjects to carry on traffic in humankind. These miserable slaves are, by false interpretation at their destination, made to appear to be voluntary free labourers for the colony."

The South-West Coast of Africa.

The export of slaves from the S.W. coast of Africa was commenced about the year 1450, by the Portuguese. The English and French were the first who began to cultivate the Windward Islands; and in proportion as the West Indies were cultivated, the demand for slaves increased.

The ancestors of the poor negroes who are now suffering from the evils of the "diabolical traffic," we may suppose, at first, as living nearest to the sea, furnished the slaves which were sold to the Europeans. But as the demand increased, traders settled on the coast and up the rivers. Expeditions were organized for the capture and purchase of slaves, until millions were carried over to North, Central, and South America. A Bill, making all slave trade illegal after the 1st January, 1808, passed both our Houses.

But many British subjects carried on the trade under the Portuguese and Spanish flags. In 1833, 20,000,000*l.* was awarded by the British Government as an indemnification to the slave owners. And since this date, there being no market, the slave trade has been dying a natural death on our coast. At Loango, Cabenda and Boma,

the three great slave stations, the traffic in slaves may be considered as abolished. The only market for slaves being at St. Paulo de Loanda. Still it is only a few years ago that the leading English trading firm set their slaves at liberty; and many of the traders still retain their slaves, and the governments that have annexed these countries wink at their doing so.

Certainly in this form two of the great evils of slavery are avoided—the shipment of the slave and the placing of him in a foreign country—but how about his treatment? One or two little incidents may suffice to show you that it is not all that could be wished. A trader, who had none but free servants about him, was astonished one morning to find a servant of twenty-four years' standing in a state of terrible grief. On asking what had happened, he was informed that a neighbouring trader

had tied up the old man's wife, the greatest insult he could have inflicted upon him, because he (the trader), had heard that one of his slaves that had escaped eleven years ago, was hiding in the old free servant's village. The old man was obliged to leave his work and set off to his town and make every endeavour to capture the runaway slave. After many days' chase he at last succeeded in securing the slave, who had escaped to a town far distant, and in handing him over to the trader. The trader squeezed the slave's fingers in the copying-press until he had to say that the old man, eleven years back, had aided him in making his escape.

" Some may have read, a few years ago, of the burning of certain trading factories belonging to a large trading company in the Congo. It was reported that the natives had set fire to these

stations and, in consequence, a great expedition was organized against them. Many of their towns were burnt, and one of their princes taken prisoner.

Time rolled on and the prisoner still persisted in declaring his innocence. At last the trader in charge of one of the factories confessed that the traders of the other two stations that had been burnt, had come to him and, under the threat of death, forced him to join them in defrauding the company by handing over their collected produce to an unscrupulous scamp, perhaps the instigator of the whole plot, resident at Boma, who would pay them so much for it. The produce was transferred, the factories burnt, and the slaves employed in this transaction quietly drowned.

Talking of such atrocities as these, committed by his ill-bred brethren in the

Congo, a Portuguese, writing to a paper in Loanda, says, "If foreigners have placed so many obstacles in the way of the acknowledgment of Portugal's right to the Congo, it is owing to many reasons, but principally to the disorderly and intriguing spirit of ill-bred Portuguese, and also to their slave-trading propensities, for the greater part of the Portuguese factories have slaves in the true acceptation of the word, called Kromanos, whom they thrash most unmercifully. . . . The tendency to enslave the black man, to spoil and shamefully rob him, is not the only scandal which exists to the shame of the Portuguese, whose Government was the first in Europe to abolish capital punishment, for there even exists the secret desire of enslaving the white man, etc., etc."

Writing in November, 1875, Cameron says, "Manoel informed me that slaves

were still exported from the coast, especially from Mossamedes. He said they were held in readiness for embarkation although scattered about the town in small parties, instead of being kept in barracoons as formerly, and a steamer came in for an hour or two, shipped the slaves and was off again immediately. I inquired their destination, but he could give me no information on that point.

"The abolition of slavery in the Portuguese possessions was decreed some years ago; the names of the then existing slaves were to be inscribed as free in 'the Government offices, and the slaves were to be required to work for seven years as a compensation to their owners.' This, however, has remained a dead letter, and the authorities have not troubled themselves to enforce the liberation after the time expired.

"The complete abolition of slavery in Angola, has, however, been decreed to take place in the year 1878."

Now, in 1886, Portugal ships "domestic slaves" to S. Thomè and Principe and San Antonio, and unless it is clearly shown that this form of slavery is wrong, I have no doubt that, owing to the difficulty some have in obtaining labour, most of the traders in the Portuguese newly-acquired territory will be glad to make use of this legalized form of slavery.

M. Serpa, Portugal's representative at the Berlin Conference, animated by moral considerations, proposed to prohibit the importation of wooden collars, whips, and other instruments of torture made use of by slave proprietors. No doubt the same motives force the Portuguese Government to buy (and thus create a market) those poor people who are brought

to them to be saved from some fearful fate, who, they are told, are prisoners of war, and as such doomed to death; or whose owners can no longer afford to feed them, and to save their lives she takes them over and feeds them, and gives them their liberty? Oh, dear no! She makes them domestic slaves, who are inscribed as free in the Government offices, and are required to work for so many years, after having served which, their contracts may be renewed.

How many of these domestic slaves do ever return to their native land to enjoy their well-earned liberty, I wonder? In the "Anti-Slavery Report" for August and September, 1886, we read, "M. Serpa must know, and none better, that the deportation of slaves from the West Coast to the Portuguese islands of S. Thomè and Principe, within the last two

years, has become a distressing scandal. British officers of high rank, who have had to witness these disgraceful transactions on their way home from the Congo River, must have despaired when they read such attempts as those of Portugal to pose as the friend of the slave."

CHAPTER IX.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

False statements respecting Traders and the Liquor Traffic—Misleading statistics—A suggestion for the Church Missionary Society—How to suppress the Liquor Traffic—Germany stood out for the traffic when England and America wished to stop it.

IN the first instance, to avoid all misunderstanding, let me state that I am sure most of the traders on the coast would be overjoyed to see this traffic annihilated in Africa, and almost, if not quite so, in Europe. But we, as merchants and traders, are bound to do our best to meet the requirements of the different native markets, and so long as the negro

demands rum, gin, powder, or what not, in exchange for his produce—and its traffic is not made illegal—so long must we supply him with them. For any one to suppose, as some would have you suppose, that the trader allows the negro an unlimited supply of liquor in exchange for produce, is an egregious error.

In a paper written by the Rev. Horace Waller, F.R.G.S., and published under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, the following occurs:—

"The idea of drinking spirits is inseparable from the notion of European life in the ken of the native. Owing to the relaxing climate of the rivers, there are few factories which cannot tell their tale of hard drinking and certain death as a consequence. But we are repeating an

oft-told story, and those who are likely to read these pages have probably made themselves acquainted with the state of the West Coast in some degree. Whatever milk of human kindness the traders may have possessed at one time seems to have passed into a milk-punch stage; competition is relentless, times are very bad, palm-oil has fallen to a ruinous rate —true, the price of spirits has fallen too; but the degradation of the wretched tribes of West Africa has reached a depth which is appalling. Nor is this altogether to be wondered at when we turn to a few facts and figures before us. Here is a statement, for instance, showing the quantities and value of spirits of all kinds exported to Africa from the United Kingdom, Germany (Hamburg and Bremen), Portugal, and the United States, of recent years:—

			Gallons.		£
Great Britain	sent in	1884	602,328	value	117,143
Germany	„	„	7,136,263	„	713,634
Portugal	„	1882	91,524	„	6,166
America	„	1884-5	921,412	„	56,889
		Total	8,751,527		£893,832

"We think, then, we have here a tolerably clear guidance, but we cannot get at the full extent of the disease. For instance, we are in the dark as to the extent of the evil with which France is mixed up, and her trade and energy are just now conspicuous on the African seaboard. Neither can we go into the quality of the stuff dealt out to the native tribes. Suffice it to say that, in some instances, and to save carriage expenses, pure alcohol is used as an article of this trade; it must, of course, be 'washed,' to use a technical term—that is, diluted many times, before even the throat of a Brass River negro can

tolerate it; the traffic in this particular article is forcing its way, we regret to add, in East Africa."

I do not think the Rev. Horace Waller, F.R.G.S., has ever been on the South-West coast of Africa, and I do not know from what sources he obtains these statistics. Perhaps they come from the same pernicious source as that from which this *Christian* gentleman has gathered his witty but false statement of the milk-punch stage of the trader. All I can say is, that during my seven years' experience I have met very few drunkards among the whites on the coast, and any such have been quickly sent home as good-for-nothings. It is certainly the rule now-a-days to meet temperate men, if not total abstainers, among the English traders on the South-West coast of Africa.

The total quantity of spirits from all these countries to the huge continent of Africa,

then, according to this gentleman's figures, for these *recent*—let us say three—years, amounts to nearly 9,000,000 gallons. Now, the population of Africa is estimated at about 180,000,000, but let us allow that only 15,000,000 of these come under the baneful influence of the diabolical traffic, then in these recent three years the drinking negro has averaged one bottle per annum, which is absurd, and gives you no idea of a very great abuse of spirits. As in Europe so in Africa there are negroes who abuse the use of spirits; but they know just as well as the European that it is bad for them, and are just as able to resist its influence, yea perhaps even better able to counteract its abuse, through their feteiches, than we are. It is a great mistake to imagine, on the other hand, that negroes have not the sense and judgment to use spirits without abuse.

At the outside, I calculate a trader gives one part spirit for every six of merchandise, and in many places this one part is strongly diluted with water, and in its turn is divided between the commission agent, the owner of the produce, and the many carriers that bring the produce down, all of whom have hangers-on who demand their share.

But whatever quantity the trader may give the native, the question is, How are you going to lessen or entirely do away with the traffic in liquor? Certainly not by bullying the trader, who is just as willing to sell tracts and blankets as he is gin or rum, provided that he is allowed to make his profit and there be an equally good sale for them. As a Christian, I suppose a trader can, in his sphere, discourage the abuse of spirits and do a great deal towards its disuse, but credit will not be given him

for it. Travellers and missionaries, after partaking of his hospitality, will still continue to write long, canting padding in their books or reports respecting this evil, as if the trader were to blame for the inefficacy of the gospel the missionaries preach to overcome it, even as Mahomedanism has overcome it—or as if he had taken part in the Berlin conference and in any way opposed the British, American or Italian ambassadors in their endeavours to suppress it. So far as I can see, these are the only means to ensure its suppression. Either let the missionaries—putting aside narrow-mindedness and canting sectarian preaching, and, above all, practising the Gospel of Christ in all its breadth—set to work to overcome the evil with good; for surely what Mahomedanism can do, our far more noble faith need not despair of accomplishing. Or let them retire from

a field, where men of courage, piety and learning are needed to overcome an EXISTING EVIL; if, in their ignorance and cowardice they, instead of being ready to fight their own battles manfully, are only prepared to wag their canting tongues in abusing a class of men who, for all they know, or are likely to know (so little do they study them), are in all possibility doing as much, if not more, for the welfare of the people among whom they dwell than missionaries can at present.

As a trader, I hope for little results from the efforts of missionaries until we have a different system of working and a different class of men sent out to us, who will give and take in a truly Christian spirit, and work hand in hand with the trader.

Yes. "There can be no excuse for the continuance of the diabolical traffic, and it is a blot on Christian civilization." So

writes a great traveller. At the Berlin conference, where we may suppose Christianity and civilization were well represented, the Italian ambassador, "on the grounds of moral considerations, demanded the prohibition of the importation of spirituous liquors and of powder into the territories in question." Great Britain and the United States were, through their delegates, of the same mind. Well, here was a chance for these moral and philanthropic Christians and civilizers to suppress "the diabolical traffic." And why did they not do so at one fell swoop?—we traders would have thanked them. Why? Well, you know why. "It would have struck dismay into the very heart of Hamburg, and that would not have suited Germany." The rum manufacturer is allowed to pose as a Christian and a civilizer because he is powerful. The

rum-seller, as the trader is called, is the proper man to be kicked because he is weak and cannot retaliate.

"We and our brethren of the L.M.S.," writes the learned Mr. Bently, "have been able to travel and work without it, although the *Roman Catholic* missionaries do not shrink from using it freely." And then from his exalted position as a Christian missionary he gives the trader a parting kick by informing his readers that it would be folly to seek information as to Africa and Africans from traders. They only know the people living near to their factories, who are debased by their contact with what is misnamed commerce and civilization.

As an Nkissist, one has very little trouble in dealing with the abuse of liquor, for if A is given to drinking, B can call down one of the great feteiches, and A assenting,

the nganga or doctor taking a nail, twists it in A's hair, and then hammers it into the feteich, as A in a loud voice forswears the use of spirits for ever. Should A break his pledge, the evil spirit will kill him.

Thus you have three ways of doing away with the liquor traffic. You can urge the missionaries on to greater, better directed efforts, that they, by the help of God, may altogether win the native over to teetotalism, or you may spare them the trouble by annihilating the manufacturer of spirits; or thirdly, you may become Nkissists, and go in for a systematic knocking of the different powerful feteiches.

CHAPTER X.

THE PROPOSED CONGO RAILWAY.

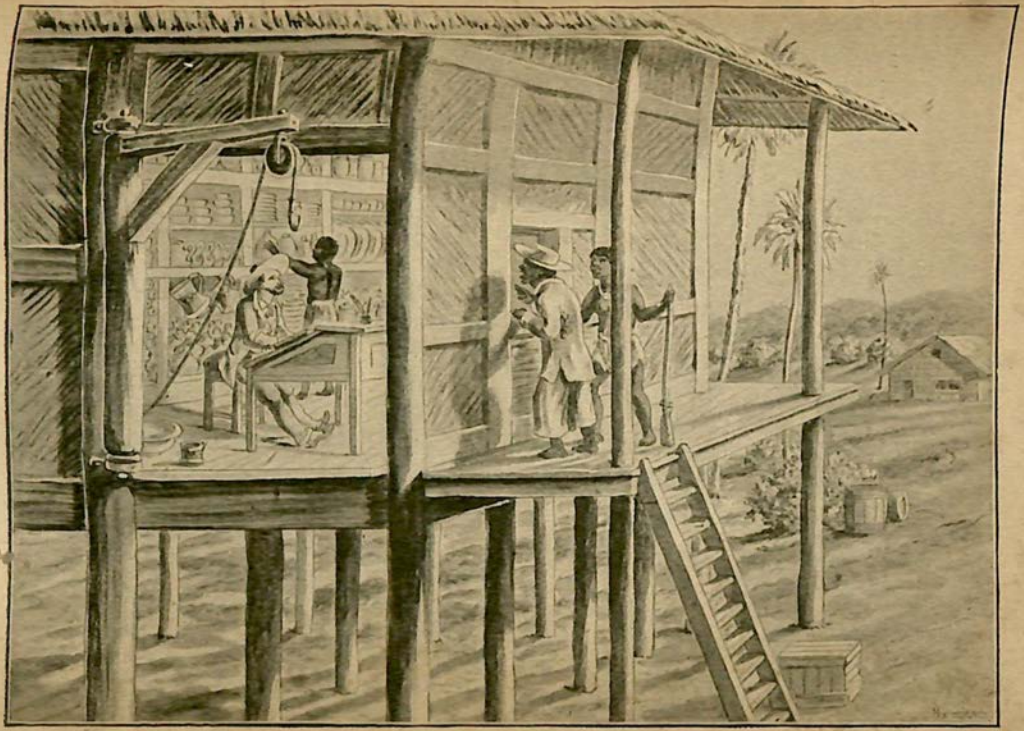
The Congo Railway—What the Traders thought of the scheme—Real reasons for its collapse—British trade the most important on the South-West Coast and the most neglected by the Home Government—Prospects of the Congo State.

THE following letter appeared in the *Times* of October 4th, 1886.

BRUSSELS, *Sept.* 29.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

"I have obtained from an authorized source the following information relative to the negotiations between the Congo State Government and the English Congo



MANIMACOSSO TAKES HIS PAY.
(*From a sketch by the Author.*)

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Railway Syndicate, which have lasted over ten months.

"In December last the delegates of the syndicate agreed at Brussels with the Congo Government on the general bases of an arrangement. The railway concession and the advantages promised to the company were to be set out in a charter by the Sovereign of the Congo State, which was to embody in a definite form the conditions mutually agreed on. It was expressly declared that nothing in this arrangement should be in opposition to the General Act of the Berlin Congress.

"The syndicate caused to be drawn up at London a project of charter which it submitted to the Congo State Government at the end of February, but the latter declared itself unable to accept it, chiefly because a considerable number of dispositions con-

tained in the project were in opposition to its international engagements. A counter project prepared by the Congo State Government was sent last April to the representatives of the syndicate, who in their turn proposed changes. To shorten the negotiations the Congo State Government sent to London in May last Mr. Barclay, an English lawyer, in order to arrange with the delegates of the syndicate for the drafting of a charter satisfactory to both parties. For this purpose the Congo State Government's counter project was taken as the starting-point. After some days' discussion no understanding was arrived at, and the delegates of the syndicate demanded a return to the primitive text presented by it.

"In order to use all means of conciliation, Mr. Barclay agreed with the representatives of the syndicate to amend this

primitive project so as to render it as acceptable as possible, and to have at last a definite test on which the Congo State Government on the one side and the syndicate on the other could take a resolution.

"The syndicate adopted at its general meeting of the 26th of last August the text thus modified, with some amendments which the delegate of the Congo State Government had previously demanded. It only remained for the Congo State Government to adopt the scheme, but after examination the State found that, notwithstanding the ameliorations obtained by its delegate, the project of the syndicate remained unacceptable, and could not be reconciled either with the prerogatives which the Congo State must preserve as a Sovereign Power or with the provision of the General Act of Berlin, which interdicts

privileges and monopolies in commercial matters. The State was, therefore, compelled to put an end to these long and laborious negotiations by acknowledging the impossibility of arriving at an understanding.

"I was finally assured that by acting in this manner the Congo State Government is convinced that it has not in any way put aside previous engagements—'de n'être nullement revenue sur des engagements antérieurs,' as my interlocutor expressed himself."

There can be no doubt that the opinion on the coast and about the "Congo" with respect to the Railway scheme was that the Manchester merchants, anxious to find a market up country and so to turn over much of their capital now lying idle, and distressed at the muddle our Government had made of the Congo

question, were willing to push and support the Railway scheme, but on terms that virtually created an *imperium in imperio*, and would open out the district to BRITISH enterprise rather than to that of the whole world.

On such terms, even, it was thought that the Congo State, like a drowning man catching at a straw, would have been glad to jump at such a prospect of future prosperity as such a railway, once laid down, promised.

But the syndicate has been voluntarily wound up and a liquidator appointed, startling news to us who are not behind the scenes and have learnt to look upon the Railway scheme as the only means of life to the Congo State. How is she going to support herself now that such a nail has been driven into her prospective coffin? Is she trusting to German capitalists?

Or has France, fearful of the preponderating British influence in these parts, been whispering words of false comfort and hope? It must be remembered that France has the first refusal in case the Congo Free State comes to grief and wants to find a successor. Is De Brazza going to build a railway? So, however, a noble scheme for employing British labour and capital in opening out the land of promise has fallen through; and though Manchester has done its best for him, the British trader is once more left in a state of uncertainty and doubt.

I am fully aware of the strides Lord Rosebery has made in the proper direction, but how different all would have been if our Government had not ignored the British trader in these parts! Instead of trusting entirely to books of travel, reports sent home by odd commanders,

who touch at these different ports perhaps once a year and pick up what information can hurriedly be given to them, or relying on a consul who is far distant when most needed, and, through red-tapeism, cut off from being of any use either to the trader abroad or his country. Yes, instead of our Home Government having to rely for information on such miserable reports, with a very little trouble and perhaps a little condescension, it might have had a perfectly net-like system of supervision and a full and perfect knowledge of all events as they occurred.

How easy, for instance, would it be for England to appoint certain traders, at short distances one from the other, vice-consuls or agents, who, each in his district, could watch the interest of British trade and gather together information of the greatest service either to

his country or consul-general when he chose to visit them; or to some society for the protection of British trade! The natives or powers in possession would know that they were under the observation of one who had the power to make his cause known and act, if necessary—and this alone would prevent injustice or bullying.

Let me hurriedly relate a small incident which will convince you that our interests on the coast are not at present looked after.

Two very troublesome servants in a factory in Cabenda happened to have had a quarrel about a woman during business hours. The agent told them to fight it out after business hours, and get on with their work. They fought it out, and the Loango boy thrashed the Cabenda. The Cabenda

MANIMACOSSO GIVES A DANCE.
(*From a sketch by the Author.*)

called down his family, and they commenced sitting upon the Loango. As the row assumed annoying proportions, the agent ordered his head man, a prince of Cabenda, to clear the yard. He endeavoured to do so, but failed. The Kroo boys were then ordered to push the family outside the limits of the factory, where the natives might settle their question among themselves. The Kroo boys commenced their duty mildly, but one of the family ordered one of his slaves to fire on the Kroo boys. This he did, and killed one standing close to a white trader. The family then retired, and the traders buried their dead. You must not suppose that the traders were not anxious and willing to sacrifice their own lives in avenging the death of their servant: on the contrary, the agent had the greatest

difficulty in restraining them from being rash. The agent, however, had British merchandise to the value of 60,000*l.* or 70,000*l.* under his charge, and felt certain that his country, or any civilized power, would take up his cause and avenge the murder. Further, he knew that he would lose not only all this British property, but the lives of all the traders and servants under him, and his own life, if he attempted to avenge the insult. His helplessness grieved him. At any moment the natives might attack him. What was he to do? Apply to a British man-of-war? Yes; where was he to find one, and if he found one, what could the commander do without first consulting the Consul? Apply to the Consul? He was at home on a holiday, and the worthy man taking his place was 300 miles from Cabenda! The

whaler was despatched to Landana with orders to apply for help to the first man-of-war. It happened to be a Portuguese; she steamed immediately to Cabenda and offered to burn the whole place down. But the agent knew that the force the commander had at his disposal was not sufficient, and declined. Finally the natives handed over the poor slave that had been ordered to fire, and promised to hold a palaver. The prisoner was taken to Loanda. Later on the chief of the naval station came down to hold the palaver, and instead of at least banishing the wretch who had ordered the firing, he turned the matter apparently into a political advantage for Portugal, and insulted us by offering us blood-money. His terms were refused, and the palaver, though considered settled insomuch as judgment and punishment were pronounced, is

still open, our agent having refused to accept the fine when offered. Of course British men-of-war have been there since, but Cabenda is now Portuguese territory, and there is no doubt that now that Portugal has got more or less what she desired, she will improve. In fact, of the three powers that have interfered with us, Portugal seems to be the most energetic and most likely to govern us well. It is hardly time yet, however, to say much. Thus are we ignored and left to fight our own battles.

The country was not ready for the hurried impulse that has been given to it, nor rich enough to have been the cause of so much envy and grabbing. It cannot possibly sustain two money-grabbing and one pauper government; and one of two things will, in my opinion, assuredly occur. Either these

governments will leave us once more to ourselves and allow trade to develop the country in its own peculiar way and time; or, overburdened, the traders will seek other fields of labour, and the same will befall this part of Africa that has already befallen Gaboon.

The resources of the country north of the Congo are undoubtedly unbounded. Rubber grows in such quantities that the native cuts the vine instead of simply tapping it: coffee grows wild and is never picked, because it is not so valuable as rubber, and takes more trouble to prepare for the market. Gum-copal and copper lie buried in enormous quantities, but envy and superstition prevent the native from working them. Tons of palm-oil and kernels rot every year from the difficulty the natives have in obtaining means of communication

between the bush and the place where the traders reside.

All along the banks of the lower Congo you find traders' small shimbecs or factories where the palm-oil, kernels and other produce of the neighbourhood are collected, while the many factories above Boma now obtain all or nearly all the ivory that once found its way to Kinsembo, Ambrizette and other points on the coast, south of the Congo. I believe that Stanley does not exaggerate the enormous future that a railway from Boma to Stanley-Pool would ensure to it. It may be interesting for you to hear that traders have commenced building at Stanley-Pool and Brazzaville, and are sending down their produce by carriers, who now demand one gun-stick per bundle, instead of one gun of cloth; in other words, about *7s. 6d.* instead of

1*s.* 6*d.* as in Stanley's time. It is not likely that the great middle-men, owners of all these carriers, are going to carry ivory down to the coast for these traders unless they can gain a sum equal to the commission they charged the owner of the ivory—a bush nigger—in the olden times when they sold their ivory to the white men on the beach for them. Hence these traders will find that by the time the ivory has reached the coast it has cost them, perhaps, more than what they could have bought it for on the coast. And they are at the same time cheapening merchandise, and thus spoiling the market for themselves and the middle men who still carry on trade between the white men on the coast and the bushman.

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

(The following notes will describe those illustrations which are not sufficiently explained in the text).

REMOVAL OF MANIMACOSSO.

Manimacosso, utterly broken down by his misfortunes, determines to leave his native village, where the evil spirit seems so anxious to ruin him. He therefore collects his household goods, packs them up, and, burning his shimbecs or huts, shakes the dust off his feet, and departs to take up his abode in the village of one of his favourite wives. The land belonging to him in the village he has deserted reverts to the Prince.

SURF, AND FISHING-NET, BASKET, AND CANOES.
(*From a sketch by the Author.*)

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His little son carries an empty demijohn, his first wife a gallon bottle and basket of chicoango or native bread, his little slave a matet or basket of pots and pans. One slave drags the goat along, while the other carries his master's gun reversed, not being on the war-path. His less favoured wife carries her child at her back and the rest of the household goods, including perhaps some live stock in the shape of ducks or fowls. He himself marches solemnly along, carrying only his kiss-a-kiss, or gilly-gilly, every string of which is charged with some charm to preserve him against being shot, poisoned, burnt, or drowned, or overpowered by some evil spirit. In the same way, possibly, some of us still wear our amulets, charms and talismans. It is a custom among the natives to bind charms round their wrists, waists, legs, necks and heads, even as the

Jews of old their phylacteries, about their hands, and around their forehead.

"Thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes."

He goes to the Bush.

Manimacosso still feels haunted by some evil spirit, and so, not being able to settle down in town, he trots off to a trader and insists upon being sent to the bush to procure trade. After much annoyance, the trader advances him a little fish, salt, and rum, and he sets off in high spirits.

Arrival in the Bush.

By this time Manimacosso has quite recovered, and after a few days' heavy walking through the bush, has arrived at the residence of the prince, his friend, and owner of so many matets or baskets of palm-oil, or kernels, or balls of rubber. He

receives a hearty welcome from his friend, and soon settles the price to be paid for the produce collected. He then divides and repacks the produce according to his own ideas.

Departure for the Trader's Factory.

He then sets off again as soon as possible, after having arranged carriers, on his way back to the trader's factory. On his way, one of the carriers, noticing a few roots of cassava lying by the roadside, was tempted by hunger to pick them up and partake thereof. No sooner had he eaten part of the cassava than twenty or thirty armed men, rushing upon him from their different hiding-places, securely bound him. Manimacosso was helpless in the matter, for, not having force enough to recapture the carrier, he well knew that, so far as palavering was concerned, he stood no chance

of releasing his carrier. He offered the brigands that had set this trap for the unwary carrier a few longs or dollars as a ransom for the release of the prisoner. But the brigands knew they could obtain more for him by selling him as a slave, or by awaiting the arrival of the prisoner's relatives, who perhaps might be induced to pay even more than he was worth. So Manimacosso had to proceed without him, and at length arrived at the white trader's factory.

On his arrival he bothers the trader for endless odds and ends, such as a piece of soap to wash his clothes, a cup of rum, a little fish, a little native bread, or chicoango, some thread, a needle, a knife, a spoon, a plate. Then he tells the white man how much he is to pay the bushman, and how much commission he expects for himself.

MEASURES HIS PALM-KERNELS.

He finally sets to work to measure his palm-kernels.

He seats himself on a box somewhere near the white man, and carries on a running conversation with him, while his carriers empty the contents of the matets or baskets, into the measures provided by the white trader, whose head man insists upon their being filled until they just overflow, when the white man gives Manimacosso a cheque for the value of the measure. Manimacosso carefully ties this cheque up in a corner of his cloth or tunic, which serves him as his purse. The kernels thus measured are immediately sacked up, ready for shipment.

MEASURES HIS PALM-OIL.

The baskets of oil are broken up and the oil melted; it is then allowed to rest in

the pot for some time, so that any foreign matter may settle at the bottom of the pot. The clean oil is then measured off, and the cheque given as the measures are filled.

The oil is then placed in large deposits, where it remains until all dirt has settled at the bottom, when the clean oil is drawn off and casked up for shipment.

Takes his Pay.

Manimacosso now takes his cheques to a window, which opens into what the white man calls his feteich or store, and here he is allowed to choose whatever he may fancy, from a brass nail to a piece of cloth, including goods from the potteries, Sheffield, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, or Hamburg.

The Dance.

He then goes to town in the hope that he may be allowed to enjoy his well-earned

riches in peace, but no such luck awaits him. His wives receive him kneeling and recount all that has taken place during his absence. All the people round about have heard of his return, and hint that now that he has got the wherewithal he ought to give them a dance, that they may all share in his prosperity. He fears being considered an ndotchi or witch, and knows that if he does not share his riches with his neighbours envy will drive one or other of them to make the accusation. He therefore spends his hardly-earned gains in entertaining the neighbourhood; and thus socialism deprives him of the advantages of his enterprise, and he has little or no motive for the accumulation of wealth. Being ever without capital he can neither encourage nor undertake any industry except on the poorest scale. Socialism, envy and superstition have thus

brought down Congo's once powerful kingdom to the mean and poor concern that it now has become—a prey to any foreign power or adventurer who cares to seize and divide it.

SURF.

The produce thus collected is shipped home by the trader, and the surf at one gulp often swallows up the produce it has taken the trader days to collect; thus, shipping is attended by much anxiety at such places as are entirely open and unprotected by high land.

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Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018